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THE
Mind's Monitor;

OR, A
SERIOUS DISCOURSE

ON THE
ADVANTAGES

OF
SELF-PRESERVATION,
SOCIETY,
FRIENDSHIP,
LOVE,
LEARNING,
RELIGION,
AND ON
DEATH.

By CHARLES ATKINSON, Jun. Surgeon.

"Quatenus nobis denegatur Diu vivere relinquamus aliquid quo nos vivisse testemur."

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PREFACE,

COURTEOUS READER,

SOME Time ago, I ventured a small Work upon the World, which met with the Approbation of my private Friends, and the Candour of the Public.

Encouraged by that Favour, I again rely upon their Generosity.

In the Catalogue of my Subscribing Friends I am particularly indebted to one worthy *Baronet*, who in many Instances has been urgent to serve me: Him I should attempt to compliment could Words divest themselves of Flattery. Scarce a Blush of Hope appears that the Composition will requite the Subscribers. On this Score my Vanity by no means keeps Pace with my Wishes The Intention has been ardent, however feeble the Effect. My Work will be above the Critics;
those

those Gentlemen can never attempt to break a Butterfly upon the Wheel: Nay I will even dare their Batteries against my Desire of pleasing Domestic Calls make me interested in the Business; but my Interest will only exist until Gratitude supplant it; which will be from the Moment I reflect upon my kind Subscribers, to whom, as the Author,

I REMAIN,

THEIR DEVOTED,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

Charles Atkinson.

ABERFORD, May 20th, 1793.



ON
SELF - PRESERVATION.

THE Almighty Architect of Life, by his omnipotent Skill cast Animation into that complicated Mass called a Being: He also inculcated Self-Preservation, as the first Impulse of Nature in animal Bodies.

Through the Medium of this instinctive Sense, Life and Health are secured. Man walks unheeded along, through innumerable Fields of Difficulty and Danger; on all Sides surrounded with Emergencies, wary must be the Foot he trusts to the rugged Roads of Life: Reason with Discreetness, Fortitude and Resolution, he must oppose to the overbearing Calamities of Nature.

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All Animals, every minute scarce observable Reptile, wandering without so much as a Guide under the Canopy of this inclement Sky, strictly adheres to Self-Preservation.—It induces the most secret Insect to observe it, and we find no one Creature but what seeks for it even in the most desert Retreat. How seriously is all Mankind employed for this grand Purpose; with what unremitting Diligence will the Generality of it turmoil for the Means to preserve it, and finally rest every Idea on the Hope of its Enjoyment.

Life, whose important Value every existing Creature acknowledges, at whose Enjoyment every Individual grasps, is the chief End of our daily Troubles, and towards the peaceable Attainment of which we direct all our Attention and Study. It is this which constitutes the great fabric of human Happiness, and renders the Power of our Creator extensive and conspicuous. Through the Order of animated Nature, through the spacious extensive Terrace on which Providence has cast the nobler Part of his Creatures, Man judiciously observes the stupendous Works of his beneficent Creator, with pleasant Admiration he eyes them as such, and guides all his Senses to him that instituted them.

Self-

Self-Preservation, through all the Changes in Nature, various and considerable as they may be, is that in which all Beings wish to be the most perfect. It is so nearly attached to the Sensibility of Man, that he would sooner not exist, than diminish the least Part of his self-created Existence. Thus it is with every other Creature as well as himself. Of what a Multiplicity of internal Passions is the Soul of Man possessed; what a Number of Irregularities in its propelling Movements; what various and inconsistent Ideas which almost withdraw it from its Center! yet in all its Emergencies it flies to them as a Safeguard, and courts Preservation even in the last Gasp of Infirmary. With what incessant Industry do we see all Nature employed! every breath-respiring Creature carefully hoarding up its important Nutrient, carrying home the Earth's rich Produce to its well built Mansion, and securing Store of Provision for its future Subsistence. With what curious Ingenuity do we observe Animals in general, fortifying themselves from the Devastation of their Enemy, and working to defend themselves from Hunger and Necessity, and each according to its Propensity, still striving to exist and implant a future Existence in the Propagation of its Kind. There is not one unobserved Moth in the large Groupe of animated Insects

but what feels the Impulse of life stirring Preservation. It is this exsistant Passion which pleads the Prerogative over all others in them, and makes the most abject indispenfible Reptile, fuperior to inanimate Matter.

If we take a View of the different Climates in which Exiftence is fupposed to be the moft Perfect ;—if through all the extenfive Orbs, and even into the Spheres above, we caft an obfervant Eye, (where it is conjectured winged Infefts refpire) no doubt we fhall find this great *Ratio* compleat. We need not difpute it: Providence, whole Workmanfhip is Perfection itfelf, can miraculoufly effect this incomprehenfible Probability, and inftitute this wonderful Miracle by an Omnipotent Command.

If on the Contrary, we take a retrospective View of inanimate Things verging towards the Similitude of Life, in their refpective Season and Difpofitions, we fhall there find Prefervation even vifible in the defunct World.—Trees, Stones, Metals, and all the other Ingredients which fill this wide Expanfe, have all fome attracting Power nearly refembling Life: They are either fhunk with the Adverfity of foul Weather, or revived by the Profperity of the Reverse.—Thus do we
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see, if not Self-Preservation, at least an impulse the nearest akin to it, evident, even in the inferior Order of Things.

With what Vigour and Alertness do we perceive the dullest Faculties of the most inert Animal aroused at the Alarm of any approaching Danger:—With what Avidity does it retire to the Covert for Security, and watch every Opportunity to free itself from encroachment:—All its most sluggish Artifices are employed, and every Faculty exerted to make a most vigorous Resistance. So it is with Man;—the great Ruler of his Passions and Affections hath so wonderfully adjusted his predominant Inclinations, so regulated his outward Deportment, that the least inconceivable Degradation from Health or Security sets his Soul on the Alarm.—He feels the keenest Impulse of Desire to prolong and secure his Existence, and exerts every Nerve towards the Preservation of his Kind.—The most wild and uncultivated Savage, whose Ferocity is actuated by no other Motive than Self-Preservation, will sometimes, even in the Heat of his uncouth Passion, put on the Appearance of benign Placidity, and make artificial Tameness a seeming Mark of flattering Docility.—This Appetite is not less craving in the Inhabitants of the watery regions :

To

To all those Creatures the self-ruling Passion of Preservation is strongly attached. They will dive, if any Enemy assail them, to the profoundest extremity of the Deep, and lurk for their Safety in the Bosom of the Element.

Self-Preservation is an original implanted Principle in the Composition of every created Being. From hence a very powerful Reason may be produced, that no Species can exist but which has a subordinate Faculty given to it, to prevent and counteract every Danger; and this I take to be derived either from Instinct in the Irrational or Mind in the more reasonable Part of the Creation. From one or both of those Faculties, the original Principle of Preservation arises, but to the more powerful Influence, or to the greater Advantage of which, Reason alone will decide.

Our wonder-working Creator, farther to enhance the Idea of Self-Preservation in us, has invited us by the Sense of revealed Religion, to become worthy of partaking of his Happiness; and by this Means human Nature may eventually find Self-Preservation, in its great original God. To human Nature he has superadded Form, Susceptibility, and Comprehension, and has diffused over Generation, Life.—Man has within himself

himself the Identity of Self-Existence and its Value: each of which Qualities impress the Importance of Self-Preservation.—He has higher Motives in existing than the mere Susceptibility of his State: noble Acquisitions befit him for more dignified Actions: Comprehension, and a Power nearly equal to his Will, call him forth. The numerous Organizations with which he is endowed, the unspeakable Uniformity of his Appearance, and the more evident Self-cause, (viz.) his Creation, plainly show that Man was the Favorite of his Creator, and that he alone was to reign sole Monarch of the Earth. Notwithstanding the numerous Obstacles thrown into his Way, he has nevertheless secured to himself the Superiority of human Thought. He does not, like the unthinking Brute, rush headlong into Danger without premeditated Judgment:—He is not furnished alone with inconsistent Faculties, but can add Fortitude and Cunning to his other Accomplishments; he can feel the Power of his own Discernment, and can fly to its Aid in all his Anxieties. Thus Man, enlarged with super-abundant Abilities in Preference to other Animals, can have no Plea in Excuse for his Insufficiëncy or Inadvertancy. He ought therefore to employ them in a different Manner, and not wantonly exert those Faculties to his own Ruin
and

and Disadvantage. If he does but seriously consider this, full well knowing the Strength of his Ability, and the Extent of his Genius, he will always be enabled to shelter himself under the Roof of his own Knowledge and Understanding. He will by this Means learn the Ways of every other subordinate Being, and esteem the Preservation of his own and other Species, as the nearest Step to Virtue and Estimation. Cruelty will no longer be the Prerogative of Man, but he will blend the ties of human Friendship with the most distinguishing Marks of Justice and Temperance.

This great World in which we sojourn is the extensive Carpet of Nature's rich Master-piece. It is the fertile Production of our great Maker's expert Ingenuity, and the great Drama in which the Character of all Men is exhibited: In it we find various Characters busily employed in their several Casts. The jocose and insipid,—the alert and phlegmatic; the former, animated with Hilarity and Merriment, strut o'er this enlightened Stage with buffoon Mimicry, cheating the unexperienced Eye with a flattering Scene of Obscenity. The latter, inactive in the real Character of natural Life, dragging on a lethargic Being, sleep oblivious of the world's Applause. Such is the great Theatre of human Understanding, the
inexpressive

inexpressive and unimportant Acts of animated Nature. This perverse Temper in general sways more or less Mankind, the Brutes in particular: Subservient to every various Gust of Passion, they exemplify it in the most outrageous Manner. Neither the docile Treatment of Man's kind Humanity, nor the luxurious Growth of Food or Herbage, can induce some Animals to give up the Ferocity of their Nature. The hidden Snake will lurk in the Grass, and unmolested attack the unwary Traveller, and this merely through the Motives of its own Preservation. Man in like Manner watches the Opportunity of Revenge, and maliciously destroys his Neighbour unprovoked; but how much more is he culpable than the unthinking Brute:—He has superior Faculties granted to him to recal him from the atrociousness of it, and to correct that avaricious Temper which prompted him to undertake it. But alas! too oft it happens, he, that rational Being called Man, sullies with greater Absurdity his own Character, than the most uncultivated Savage that has but a desert Education. This shows how all Nature, and even Reason itself esteem Preservation, even supported by Necessity or Revenge. It openly avows how every Creature, as well as Man, wear the same Garbs of Artifice for the Preservation of its Existence, ac-

tuated by a natural Sense or Instinct implanted upon their original Formation, under the same Motives they vary their Modes of practising it. The most indifferent Animal, whose Life seems a Burthen to it, and whose daily Subsistence is on the Destruction of some other Creature, does not follow the Dictates of merciless Depravity so far, but amidst all its Persecutions, it still has an inward Sensibility to prolong its Existence.— Though surrounded on all Sides with Dangers and Difficulties, and subject to the destructive Tread of every moving Foot, still it feels Preservation so strongly attached to it, that it does not hesitate to depart from its peaceable Dwelling, and seek Preservation even in the full Face of Danger and Destruction. Longevity is a Wish natural to every Being; it is the Summum Bonum of every other Benefit Providence has bestowed upon us, and cannot be neglected even by the most miserable in any Station. How valuable ought Life be to Man, who has a Mind capable of commenting upon the Importance of it. Whose intuitive Genius can spring to the finest Vibrations of every sensible Passion, and knowingly improve the Enjoyment of it. With what Extacy and heart-felt Gratification must he experience the Emmanation of his Neighbour's Happiness, when he charitably knows and sees it approach

approach so near to his own. The many Ways
 and Means by which Mankind seek Preservation,
 and by which the wise End of Life is preserved,
 are astonishing and abundant. How this great
 Principle of animated Existence should so indis-
 criminate actuate the whole Class of Beings to
 seek so avariciously after it, and how providen-
 tial Nature should supply a Sufficiency of every
 requisite Article to preserve and maintain that
 Principle is indeed wonderful. It is not less
 astonishing by what Power that Abundance is
 encreased: But let it suffice, an all-scientific God
 is sufficient for all. He can distribute Millions of
 yet unknown Blessings from his immense Store
 Room, and create another World were it requi-
 site. But it does not seem to him meet. We
 need not enquire into the Secret of this wonder-
 ful Performance, it is the Will of our Maker
 that it should be so, and that Reason is sufficient
 to induce us to Obedience and Subjection. If
 we examine human Nature, the Tendency and
 Effects of every predominant Passion will na-
 turally lead us on to conclude that all our most
 exerted Efforts are only employed for the wise
 End of our Preservation. We can hardly suppose
 Insensibility so deeply engrafted in the Imagina-
 tion as to make us totally indifferent concerning
 the most interesting Principle which constitutes
 the

the most noble Part of human Hapinefs, and towards the Attainment of which all our most arduous Efforts are directed. Was it thus, the Brute Creation might claim a Superiority of powerful Acquisitions over Man, even from the Instinct which Nature has given them for their Support. The Elephant might boast of his Size, the Fox of his Sagacity, and every other Animal, however small its Qualifications, might trample upon the superior Wisdom of Man. But it is not so : All those Faculties and Endowments are only given them to show the wonderful Power of God, and to be a Means of acquiring Subsistence for the Preservation of their Being.

Our Passions contribute materially to the Preservation of our Existence, and whilst the Mind feeds on the delicate Repast of mental Contemplation, the bodily Functions are multiplied and encreased : Hence we ought to be attentive to the most trivial Cause which might derange either the one or the other. If the Mind is at Peace, the Body is at Rest, and an equal Degree of Conformity and Preservation will be maintained and supported. But as I know that all the Investigations of Nature are intricate and laborious, and that the incorrect Ideas of human Insight are too narrow and confined to explain
and

and explore every separate Atom which can possibly give Existence being, I will confine myself within the narrow Limits of Morality which I have here prescribed, and only add, that it is much to our Advantage to nourish and improve those Faculties with which providential Will and Wisdom has so graciously endowed us, and to support and maintain that bodily Strength which so manifestly contributes to the Uniformity of our Persons.

The many conduit like Mediums through which all Creatures are perfected and supported, would take immense Volumes to describe, and would extend my Plan too far, and lead me into a Field of Observation the Life of Man is too short to expatiate. In all our Conjectures what Man is, or how Animals originated, we can only say, that our Creator is alone the omnipotent Author of every moving Individual. The unknown Secret is reserved within himself, and all the Walks of mortal Progression and mature Investigation, are but as so many Steps to bewilder us the more in a Labyrinth into which we have no just Reason to pry. All the Observations and acute Conjectures of philosophical Experience, can but barely furnish us with a mere Supposition. The Hypothesis of man's Existence is but irreconcilable,

reconcilable, and the Origin of our first Formation is only founded upon in certain Circumstances our Senses and Understanding. Notwithstanding Man boasts Superiority of Talents over the lower Order of created Beings, still it is his Duty to protect even the most insignificant Reptile that has its Being in common with himself. The all-ruling Hand of Providence which makes us as we are, can best correct the accidental Depravity of our Natures, and perfect his own Work, sometimes in the Sunshine of Prosperity, but oftener in the chilling Blast of Tribulation; for there seems to be something at least humane in the Doctrine which teaches us to hold an intercourse with the other World, and to believe that Friendship may be serviceable even beyond the Grave. We must therefore briefly consider the value which we set upon ourselves in Proportion to the Happiness which we render to others will be increased. It has ever been found the peculiar Office of Virtue and Self-Preservation to communicate to others the same Degree of Benefits and Advantages deriving from moral Blessings as ourselves, and to teach them that a mutual Dependence upon one another, is the great Chain which links together Instinct and Reason. From this mutual Source of Connection, Life is more or less esteemed, and from this Spring of social Concord, the great Object of our Preservation is brought nearer to Perfection.

ON
SOCIETY.

IT has been remarked and considered by most Men of sound and perfect Understanding, that the most valuable Consequence of man's Creation to himself is the Enjoyment of good Society. Mankind however perfected with Wisdom and Discretion, would pervert the wise End for which Nature designed it, did it not cultivate an Union with Tribes of its own Kind; on these fix an Affinity fortified and cemented by the ties of Harmony and Society. For surely Men must have been totally incapable of Improvement, had they been left to the Exercise of their own imperfect Faculties, without the Aid and Assistance of one another. By this Means they model and beautify that System of Government and Subordination which is indispensibly requisite to regulate and adorn the human Mind. The latent Principles of Virtue and Humanity would have remained in Obscurity, and no proper Degree of
Order

Order or Justice could have been maintained. What a pleasing Reflection must it therefore be to the Sons of Men, that the Justice of the Supreme Being has placed them in such an Orb of Felicity, as to have it in their Power to give and receive Instruction and Delight through the Medium of friendly Intercourse and Society. The noble Moralist will no doubt esteem himself happy when he seriously reflects that Society has rendered to him a private Felicity in the Enjoyment of his own innate Contemplation; and a more exalted Entertainment in the Communication of his public Talents to others of his Kind. In viewing Mankind in its original State, Manners had not received the bright Polish of civilized Society; the sweet Bud of Genius had not begun to open, and scatter the Blossoms of Virtue on the human Race. What a small Difference was there to be found between Man and the brute Creation. How different the Effect when we come to examine it gloriously enlightened and enlarged by Education and Society, and appearing to us as it really is, natural and pleasing. In our very Nature is implanted a Principle for Society, and as such the very Impulse of Passion for Existence should encourage Man to revere and respect it. The wise Lawgiver to our actions and Principles, the Fountain and Spring of Life,

God

God the Maintainer and Supporter of them, has providentially hinted that it was not good for Man to be alone ; the Institution was as prudent as the Precept was noble. By Society, Man is entitled to a Superiority over every other created Being. It strengthens the Mind to execute great Projects, and inspires the Soul with something noble and generous. Social Intercourse with one another has been the Attainment of Perfection itself, (if any Thing is perfect in Nature.) It has contributed to render the Workmanship of Man laudable and advantageous, and every Undertaking of human Ingenuity has been improved by it. In man's Temper social Concord is necessary, whereby the active powers of the Mind may be enlarged and refined. As his Judgment surpasses other Creatures in Contrivance, he wisely has Recourse to that Object which delights him most with its Society, and thus by the Means of comparative Ability, he regulates the Modes of his Study and Performance. Amidst the Labour and Toils of Men, few are willing to banish Society : The Frailty and Contingencies of Man, independent of the Nature of his Mind, impart to him the Necessity of social Bonds and Regulations: These are framed by general Accord, and for the common Use. The Love of Society must therefore be compatible with Justice and Discretion ; the

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most

most obvious Way to secure it must be derived from private Fellowship, which by an Interchange of Sentiments, must procure long and lasting Enjoyments. This, in my Opinion, (humble as it may be) is the Effects of well established Society. Men united no Doubt because they found themselves too weak and feeble to exist in a separate State; and from this Consideration, Men knit together and blended themselves into one common Interest. Though Nature did not immediately point out Associations to the human Kind, yet she endowed them with such Gifts and Perquisites as drew them by Degrees into Brotherhoods and Societies. Without this Brotherhood Men never did, and never could subsist; Anarchy and Dissention would be the Result of their Associations, and a total Neglect, even in the Care of their Offspring, would ensue. Hence of what Importance it is to regulate and support it, is plain and obvious, since by it Tribe is gathered into Tribe, and Nation into Nation, till one general Assemblage composes and cements the Whole. Had Man been divested of Society, his own vicious Inclinations would have proved his own Destruction. He would have put no Manner of Restraint upon the Gratification of his unbridled Lust, but would have constantly sacrificed his Reason and Judgment to the Danger of overheated

heated Passion. Every other Creature is attached to the Nature of its Kind. Providence has endowed it with this natural Propensity. The Resemblance of its Species necessarily exhorts it to associate, but whether through Love or Likeness is immaterial. The many Advantages and Accomplishments which Mankind receive from a Similarity of Actions and Manners in the more refined Parts of Society, is a convincing Proof how pleasing it must prove to those who seek it. The pleasing Productions and Effects which accrue from it to Man, are many and wonderful, reforming his Character and Principle. The Employments and Avocations of poor Men, who depend upon the Opulence of others for their Support, and whose Labours and Industry must be the only Reward for their Trouble, acknowledge and find an adequate Return for every Anxiety, in the pleasing Enjoyment received from social Agreement. The distressed Sailor, rescued from Danger, seeks the Company of some social Set. The dire Misfortunes, his long drawn History, the sad Catastrophy of his unfortunate Scenes, prove an animated Entertainment for him and his Hearers. Even the poor Peasant, drudging through the Clots of worldly Troubles, inured to the Redicule of an imperious few, and subservient to every indig-

nant Injury offered to his Understanding, will fly to the Society of his faithful Cottage, and there find a Refuge from the Insults of his Enemies. The Animal in the Desert estranged from its Fellow, ranging through the burning Sands of Barrenness in Quest of him, feels an inward Compensation when he is found. The desolate Fly, borne on the Wings of impatient Desire, will to the utmost expand his little Fibres, and buzzing through the still Air, seek Society. Every other Creature in Proportion to its Desires, will equally bear Part with the Fly. Whatever Art, Genius, or Strength produce, Society can claim the Improvement and Skill in every separate Employment, was the Effect of Men becoming united. It was Society and Regularity of System that combined the laborious Undertakings of which the present Age has to boast. From the Congregation of Men and Manners, and the exerted Energy of ambitious Knowledge, (derived from both) the wonderful Works of Men became admired. The general System of every well conducted State is dependant on the Agreements of the Multitude which compose it. For what is Man himself in a State of real Nature, but barbarous and morose : His Soul, the unequivocal Cause of his Actions, directs him to the Performance or Omission of any Work which must
either

either redound to his Credit or Disgrace, and the Idea which strikes the Imagination of the Utility or Disadvantage of it, is in Proportion to the Benefit he may have received from Instruction or Experience. In Society, Men see Things in different Views and through different Mediums, by which Means each other's Ideas are represented and improved. By observing the Symmetry of Nature, we perceive the Value she places upon Union and Harmony. Not a Flaw is to be found in the Works of the Creation: The strictest Union of every single Particle which constitutes the grand Machine of wonderful Man is perfect and consistent: As the Mind and Body mutually co-operate, so does each Fibre of the Body respectively with other Fibres. The same Sympathy of Movements take place in the material World. The Stars move regular in their Revolutions, though not alone. The Moon regularly varying its form. The Winds in their respective Quarters are more or less affected by the Society of agitating Particles, and every coelestial and terrestrial Body is acting in Conjunction with that which nearest concerns it. We find the Causes of divine Excellence replete with Proficiency, and wonder at the Ingenuity of inferior Man. He, less perfect, can form (through the Mercy of his Maker) and assembled Ideas, the most exquisite
 Designs,

Designs, and with the Assistance of Society, reduce them to Practice. The great Master in whose School he acquired this Knowledge, and who has graciously enabled him to perform the Works of human Ingenuity, has led him to believe that social Regularity was the only Means to uphold that super-excellent Capacity with which he has endowed him, and to experience that real and lasting Felicity which the Exertion of his Abilities have a Right to demand. In the most solitary Movements of man's Heart, and when the Impulse of the animal Functions is languid and inert; when the Soul cannot expand, and its Activity is only such as merely to acquire Subsistence, his good Master inspires his Mind to the Exertion of those Abilities which must render him useful and agreeable through the Means of Society. How much do we owe then to Society in general, for without it we should be of not much more Use than the very Brutes we command. But it is not so. For by the regular Consistency of human Conduct, Man is indebted to his Maker, whereby he testifies to other Orders of created Beings, his Power to correct and his Authority to act. From these natural Conclusions, it is easy to judge how beneficial the End of Society must be. I need not I conceive endeavour to demonstrate it with
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greater Energy. Cities and united States, governed by a Code of well regulated Subjects and wise Laws, will convince the more enlightened Part of Mankind of its Utility. We need only associate with Men of Learning and Experience and we shall soon find out the Benefit of its Enjoyment. Under all Afflictions Society will relieve the Burthen of the Mind. It will chear the dull Moments of this temporary Life, and make us the desfireable Objects of our fellow Travelers, and to complete the Whole, Speech is alone the Perquisite of Man.

ON
FRIENDSHIP.

IN my last Discourse I dwelt much upon the Utility of Society, and its Effects upon the human Understanding. It now behoves me to consider what is nearest in Alliance to it, and which I conceive to be Friendship, for without it Society could not exist, at least very imperfectly. The chief Instrument which holds Society in a firm and compact State, is a mutual Agreement of Mind and Disposition, in public and private Contract betwixt Man and Man. By this regular and consistent Order, every Being associates, and all become one friendly Corporation. It is this which constitutes the firm Bond between Family and Family, and renders the Ties of Friendship more valuable and permanent. The most untoward Mortal is not without his private Friend. Familiarity and good Opinion are the Inducements which fix an Attachment, in Proportion as they are encouraged and entertained, the Mark of Worth and Estimation will be stamped.

stamped. There is nothing which tends so much to the Encouragement of Industry, as the Calls of Friendship. A Friend in whom we can confide, on whom in all our Troubles and Anxieties we can repose a Confidence, and unbosom all our Secrets, is a Blessing not inferior to any bestowed on Man. What would Society do without the aid of Friendship, or what could it accomplish without good Fellowship and Understanding. In vain might Society invite the Arts and Sciences to flourish, without the Assistance of Friendship it would be ineffectual. The thorny Paths of bewildered Life would be insupportable, and the Flowers of Reason and of Discretion would receive an early blight, whilst the uncultivated Mind would still abide in the solitary Retirement of Insensibility. Friendship is the Palace of the human Mind, the inward Habitation of man's sensitive Part, from it what Crouds of valuable Ideas may be collected, being inspired by Reason and improved by Friendship. A real Friend is the agreeable Moderator in all our Actions and inward Sensations. His Genius we carefully consult in all that concerns our Amusement and Interest. It is his principles which actuate our Motives. We may compare the Mind of Man to the Changes of the different Seasons. Fine Weather the serene Hemisphere of a peaceful Heart. In the calm Sea-

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son of Affection, when the Mind breathes mild and peaceful Vapours, Friendship is the Gem that adorns our Nature ; but when the Passions of the Mind get the better of our Reason, the unfriendly Waves of Violence overwhelm it, and Man forgets his Friend in his empassioned Career. It is natural for one Creature to esteem another in Proportion to the good or bad Opinion it has of it. So is Friendship either cultivated or disregarded according to the Degree of Estimation in which it is held. In Proportion to the Susceptibility which the Mind forms in its Favor will the Effects and Violence of Passion be perceived. From this Cause arises Love or Hatred betwixt Kind and Kind, in a greater or less Degree. Notwithstanding the different Motives which contribute to establish Friendship, and the many different Artifices by which they are exhibited, yet a Similitude of Sentiment will first take place before Friendship is acquired. This Instance is referable to the various Methods by which Beings of all Kinds imitate one another, and invite their Ideas to constitute Friendship and Familiarity. It is by Means of well constituted Familiarity, that Armies are united, and that the most degenerate Race of Men are taught Discipline and Subordination. Man will shake Hands with Man, tho' at Enmity, before he dies, and
summons

summons up all the Powers of Forgiveness in the Renewal of Friendship. He will remember his Friend in his agonizing Moments, and acknowledge the Renewal of his Friendship by certain Bequests. He will take his last Interview with Reconciliation and Peace. Thus Friendship well cultivated will milden the Seasons of this austere Life. It will quell the turbulent Billows of Vicissitude, and soften the rugged Features of Adversity. In Fact, it will ensure us at least a moderate Passage through the most terrible of all tempestuous Natures (*"Human Nature."*)

This is the generous Principle of a Mind not callous to the Sense of Humanity, tho' forfeited by former Infringements. It is to be feared there are some to be found in the Multitude of human Beings, whose early Prejudice against Friendship is never to be erased. If such there are, how little do they benefit Society. The Mind, like the Body, once warped, seldom recovers the Gracefulness of its Form. The more learned our Friend, the greater his Value. By his superior Knowledge we are instructed to adhere to such Principles as will not only obtain for us a lasting Pleasure, but also render us of more Benefit to ourselves and to others.

Perfection is not the Lot of Humanity, but Friendship and Humanity are coeval, and yet all Men are not susceptible alike of Friendship. If we inspect the Habits of Mankind and their several Propensities, every one will be found in League with a Friend; to him he communicates his private Concurrences, and the varied Forms of his Fancy. No greater Token of Friendship can be shown than by the Manner with which we see some Men bestow Favors upon others; the Mode of acquitting themselves works more powerfully upon the Sense when warmed by real Friendship, than if by any other Motives which could demand their Exertions.

If it is in the Power of Friendship to restrain or enforce the Passions of the human Mind, by what Means are we to judge of the Correction or Abuse. The wise Arbitrator of our Thoughts and Actions, had certainly something noble in view when he intended them Symptoms by which to judge of the Diseases of the Heart; for it is impossible to stop the Stream of Blood until the arterial Fountain of Friendship is perfectly disclosed. A studious Cultivation of the moral Temper will fully answer the desired Effect, and render us both interesting and agreeable. The beneficent Father of the Universe has most mercifully

eifully adjusted this Matter, and in his all wise and gracious Plan, could have made that palpable which to all seems wonderful. The renewal of frequent Visits tend greatly to enlarge Friendship: By them we become acquainted with the Disposition of those People with whom we associate; the Yoke of Restraint fits easier upon us, and we learn to assimilate our Opinions with those of other Men. Endowed with Friendship we do not feel that Want of Address so essentially necessary to accomplish us for the Company of polite Acquaintance; but Affability and Politeness bespeak the Sentiments of the inward Man. In Friendship, Comparifon and Opinion have great Influence. The Opinion Man forms of his own Condition, in what chiefly concerns either his Felicity or Misery, depends upon the Comparifon he has made betwixt the one and the other; and this effected by setting his own Condition in Opposition with that of his Neighbours. Vanity on this Score will contribute much, when directed as it is erroneoufly fupposed by the Calls of Friendship or of Self-Interest.

It is too common for Mankind in general to mistake an Attachment to Self-Interest for an Adherence to juft Principles, and thus we are too often induced to believe that to proceed from
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real Friendship, which is merely the Result of Flattery and Self-Conceit. In the ordinary Occasions of Life, Politeness will carry Friendship far enough, and those who want to be thus accomplished, will rarely make amends for it by feigned Sincerity. A man's Disposition may be best judged from his Character in private Life, and the Index of the human Heart may be best ascertained by paying proper Attention to his moral Conduct.

The Generality of Mankind, I am inclined to think, do not suppose that Friendship is to universal as what it really is; and that there are very few Evils in Life which do not carry along with them in some Respect or other, a Compensation. I believe to anticipate Calamities is often more painful than their Presence, and our Ignorance of Futurity, although sometimes attended with Inconveniencies, may upon the Whole justly be looked upon as one of the greatest Blessings of Providence. The true End of solid Friendship should be the Art of making Life easy, and Mankind happy. There is a Sociability in human Nature, which prompts us not only to enter into the Feelings of other People, but also induces them to enter into those of our own.

“ Human

“ Human Kind is but one Tree,” whose
Branches spread over the Universe, and are
expanded and improved by the Ramifications of
Virtue and Friendship.

ON

ON
L O V E.

WE now come to a Subject not inferior to any upon which we have treated, and as it is one of the noblest Passions which Nature has implanted in the Soul of Man, so it behoves us to consider it in that Point of View in which it is most conduive to our Happiness or Misery. In both it has a great Share of Influence, as every other Passion in a great Measure depends upon it. The Implication of the Term Love is very diffuse; various Passions of various Degrees and of various Kinds with respect to an Object, present themselves in the Human Breast. Children enjoy a Passion of Love for each other which has all the Excitement of and Effect upon the Heart, without the less pure Motives of more mature Life. This Sort of Love would be the happiest Model for Human Nature, could it be preserved through Life without injuring Population. Platonic Love which seizes the Soul independant
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of the Body, is certainly a Flame of the purer Order, which would soon consume the less innocent Fire, that perpetuates our Species. But the Almighty, if we are to judge from his Works, requires from Man that he should bequeath Life to others ere he dies, and the indispensable Injunctions of the Frailty of our Frames make the Effect inevitable in the Multitude. The greater Part of the Species are overwhelmed by Love, and Love is a Plant which with the smallest Cultivation will produce Fruit. In as much then as Human Nature is solicited by the Calls of a Passion to promote Procreation, the Frailty of that Nature becomes excusable, perhaps *meritorious*. If this wise End could be effected with less apparent Venality to the Dignity of her more elegant Sentiments, the Compliment would have been greater to Man. But Man as it is has scarce Humility sufficient to admit of Alloy in his Composition, therefore the Compliment which the Supreme Being has already conferred, are at present almost too burthensome for Man. Nature has not apparently in any one Instance so worked at once to form a striking Contrast between the Extremes of the Nature of Man. For in Love all that is humiliating, all that is venial, all that is remote from a dignified Action, is performed. The Wisest bend to it, the Foolish are rendered

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more foolish by it, the Weakness of our Composition is most clearly exposed by it, whilst in another Light, the Faculties are roused by it. Pathos and every human Excitement is heightened by it. Love stimulates the Efflorescence of Man's Abilities, and calls forth the most inert of his Powers. All that is capable of Life become vivified, and every Gift with which Nature has complimented Man, by Love becomes apparent. Therefore to separate Love from animal Impulse is a sturdy Task ; In the warm Age of our Humours perhaps impossible. An inert State of it may exist in the Extremes of Life.

In Children it is a mere Habit of Society, in old advanced Life mere Dotage ; sometimes the false Sparkling of an extinguishing Flame. But the Love of the Sexes, in the Season of Love, is probably nothing but the Venality of Nature. If over and above the Impulse of the Sense which appertains to the Body there is a Remnant of Love, it may make its Way to the Mind. In this Instance Nature is more than wontedly lucky, and the Harmony of the Parties is produced. Much goes to form such Connection. More of Plato and less of Venus would add to the Solidity of Happiness. Philosophers may think otherwise, but Moralists know nothing of the Matter.

Matter. The Experience of Ages has produced some good Naturalists in the History of Love. These form the Thermometer of that Element from a Mixture of Heat and Cold ; the Medium forms true Love and Happiness ; the Extreme of the Passion is Madness ; a Madness which is seldom relieved. But the moderate Infusion of Love when assisted and actuated by Reason, determines Love and Happiness.

From the first Formation of Man, when in his naked and uncivilized State, providential Nature bestowed upon him Sensibility and Desire ; from these two Acquisitions the Passion of Love originated, and in Proportion as his Sensibility was inflamed, his Desires increased for the Enjoyment of that Society which could only render his State more perfect and happy. Love, considered in the Light in which it can attain the highest Pitch of Perfection, is a quick Passion of the human Understanding, excited or perfected by some particular Object of Pleasure and Admiration. The Brute Creation, tho' not able to judge of the real Efficacy of genuine Love, are nevertheless taught by natural Instinct, even to admire that Passion of which they scarce know the Tendency. It is not the external Appearance which immediately strikes the Eye, that should constitute a

well founded Affection, but a modest Deportment joined to Discretion and Equality of Disposition. It has oft times been inferred, that as Man had Sense and Faculties given unto him for the Enjoyment of Pleasure, he should not be deprived of that Enjoyment by any Restraint laid upon the Gratification of those Appetites. But the human Mind, from its natural Eccentricity, seldom makes one Mode of Action the Rule of its Conduct. Love by this Means varies its stability as the Object varies, and as the Soul of Man is a fertile Soil, it will in Proportion as it finds itself either cultivated or neglected, produce profitable or unprofitable Fruit. Of all the Benefits so largely distributed, none seems to be enjoyed with so much Order or Satisfaction as Love. So very vain is the Disposition of our Natures, that we prefer the agreeable to the disagreeable Sensations which we experience from the Enjoyment of this Passion. The Vacuity of Life must be filled up by some Emotion or other, and provided the Intention is good, nothing is more worthy the Attention of a rational Creature than to alleviate Affliction by encouraging a Passion of virtuous Love and uninterested Friendship. It is by the Emotion of this noble Passion that Man is raised several Degrees above the animal Creation, and is enabled to enjoy in the full Tide of
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his Soul, all the tender Sensation of which other inferior Creatures have but the slightest Idea. If Man therefore is a superior Being, and has Judgment and Discretion given him to restrain his Desires, by Virtue of these he recedes from the State of Brutes. Providence would not have placed him in a higher Sphere had not his superior Faculties entitled him to that situation, as such every Degree of Desire that swerves from Chastity, must be an Insult to his Judgment, and a Disgrace to his Superiority. It throws him upon a Level with a Race much inferior to himself, and renders his Dignity a Disgrace to his Character. Love, governed by Reason, is the Summit of Man's utmost Desire; it is the Passion which contributes most to the wise Purpose of Creation, and to strengthen his Attachment to the Enderment of his Kind. In the Midst of Danger and Misfortunes, Love animates him to Courage and Perseverance, and leads him on to surmount those Difficulties, which tho' arduous, are thereby rendered pleasant and agreeable. By Love he is cherished, by Love he is delighted, by it encouraged to Sensibility and Humanity, and owns no Power on Earth superior to Love. Madness, Melancholy, Torments and Hunger, Thirst, Watchings, Poverty, and Distress, he will undergo, and he will use every Means and Contrivance

trivance to gratify the Bent of his Inclinations. Love is the first Refuge to which the Unhappy fly, the Indigent seek, the Opulent covet, and all Being are happy to embrace. Every Mortal is glad to be a Subject of its Dominion. Each Movement of our Soul or Body is dependent upon the Will. It is the wise Ruler of our external and internal Disposition, and no irksome or agreeable Occurrence but what is under its immediate Cognizance. The Will has great Power over the general Tenor of our Actions, but so strong is the Impulse of Love, that it overpowers the Directions of our Will, and sometimes irresistibly draws it as it were into a Vortex.

Love not only forms a Restraint but a Regularity upon the Actions of Man. By this the extensive Race of Mortals is produced and preserved, multiplied with Spirit, carried on with Regularity, and perpetuated without Intermission is Man by Love. And so in its Kind is the Animal and Vegetable. In fact, all Nature, with all its Particles, with Love and by Love is begun and ended. Every Plant loves its Kind, and in a Kind of Love anticipating Life. The Love of Man for Woman solicits Procreation. The Affection of Plants invites Propagation. Propagation is a Desire in consequence in both. Not with
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more Susceptibility inhales the Fibres of the Heart of Man, than the sympathetic Tremors of the delicate Plants. Only the Endearments of the more refined Particles of Nature celebrate their chaste Amours in the modest Shades of Life, whilst Man, more gross and less sincere, disturbs the World with his carnal Vices. It may appear paradoxical, but it is no less true, that the nearer in Form that Being accedes to mechanical Perfection and mental Capacity, the more it degrades the Dignity of its Nature. Man, first in the Order of Things, the nearest by Comparison to the Author of his Being, is of all others the least chaste, in his Demeanour, and the Expression of Love. That Passion which sublimed and concentrated in Purity, as it ought to be in Man, makes the most visible Blots on the Page of his Virtue. Unfit for any Eye but to their own, in the blind Extasy of Love, in silent Moments and undisturbed Retreats, Nature permits to exercise and multiply, two thirds of her Productions. Man groser than the Animal, in as much as his Deeds are *nearly voluntary*, uses no less Ceremony in the Exercise of his Passions. Open in Folly, undisguised in Lust, not subject to Controul, he practices the Art of Love wherever he likes. But then what Difference there is betwixt the Art of Seduction, and of congenial Sentiment, he seldom feels,

feels. Exalted in Nature, supported by the Heart, perpetuated by the Eye, ordered by God in the Love he should feel, this leads to certain good, to pure happiness. Sensible of its Purity without Alloy, it perfects its Purposes without Disgust. The Object once dear is ever dear. Nature cements a social Compact, which Time only serves to strengthen, and when Age claims a Separation, the Sympathy of Souls begins which never ends. Such is the Love becoming Man; all else is of unavail and fleeting, warm for a Moment like the Autumn Sun, soon overcasting, soon forgotten. Seeing therefore of how much value is Love in the Scale of Nature, and that upon a proper Determination on it rests all our future Fate, well may it become us in the Name of ourselves as of our Offspring and Posterity, not to let the Passion take Root in our Hearts until we have drawn our Estimate from the Expences of others, and of those likely to ensue from ourselves. It may be the last Time we have our Happiness in our own Power.

ON
LEARNING.

TIS for learned Men to write on Learning. The Consideration of Learning becomes and is worth the Attempt of every Man. In common with others I claim this Protection; conscious of my Incapacity to write learnedly, I venture a few Thoughts on Learning, not expecting to add by my own feeble Powers, any Thing to the Stock of Science, yet am I anxious to solicit by those Powers the Exertions of more capable Persons. A short Journey into the Department of Letters will readily discover many Points of View in which Learning may be admired without its Possession. Every Eye can enjoy the general Outlines of a fine Prospect, without a Capacity to discriminate the Beauties of Perspective. Wandering through an uninterrupted Vale of Tears; if tired with the Scene, I have occasionally opened the Pages of a Book, why might not the varied Objects strike my Senses? Why should

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Nature

Nature at once exclude me all the more gross Enjoyments of Life, and debar me the sweet Glimmerings of Science? However imperfect may be the conducting Quality of the Mind, the Lightning of Erudition, impelled by Nature, may leave some slight Etchings in its Way. If such have remained, may they act as little Points of Excitement to others. There is, I apprehend, a peculiar Gift almost independant of Learning, in Writing learnedly; therefore is it to surprise us that even the most learned Men have failed in their Attempts at learned Writing. The Gift of Expression being by Nature denied them, their Erudition has come either obscurely from their Pens, or inverted in the Order of its Meaning. What can be more lamentable, or what less to be expected than this Perversion of nature's Endowments! So fanciful, so extravagant, so enlightened, yet so mysterious, so profound yet so obstruse are by Comparison the Minds and Expressions of the Learned when blended, that Science in Lieu of making Progress, appears to run retrograde with some Men. They may notwithstanding, be truly learned.

Were every Man by Consequence, never to write because he was certain of his not being Learned, what would have been the general Advances

vances of the State of Literature? Would not at this Rate, one Half of our best Productions, aggregately taken, have lain dormant? Would not all the elegant Sentiments, and more cumbersome, yet intrinsic Facts, have been withheld from the Progress of Science; and should we have enjoyed as we now do, the Liberty and Power of tasting (from much bad writing) the innumerable Treasures in the Works of Authors? And although the Strictness of a strict Critic might not permit the Production of a single Thought, without the more severe Scrutiny of Perspicuity, Veracity, and such commendable Attributes, yet perhaps the most Imperfect have produced in the End the most perfect Works. For however ridiculously Paracelsus, or such like *Hobby Horsical* Productions might be open to Censure, yet many Things prizeable to Science might arise from the Suggestions of a wild Paracelsus. Indeed the Labours of many Men, apparently instigated by the Pleasure or Malignity of Learning, have turned out, by the Evolution of Circumstances, not Half so Enigmatical as in their first Appearance. And the more we Survey even the less labour'd Work of Men, the more sensible we are of the general Value which must be laid upon every one. For undoubtedly some of the most material Facts have been discerned in Nature, from casual Incident,

Incident or Combination of Circumstances. 'T were needless enumerating Instances. The most Learned are the best apprised of it. What do we not find, or what have not the Learned made out of the Catalogue of Experiments recited by Verulam. Permit the Learned to give in their own Accounts of the Benefit, individually or collectively accruing to each or all of them in their Experiments on Nature, from the Facts and Hints of the proceeding Work, and judge of their Value; and so it is in numberless other Instances. The Ingenuity of Man would cut a very indifferent Figure in the same Picture with the Productions which Chance had discovered to him; for scarce has he sufficient Capacity to take the Hints which Incidents throw in his Way. Creation endeavours to teach him, in the progressive Stages of her Works, the Modes and Manners of her maiden Designs. Sometimes her Endeavours prove abortive, and, even assisted by Learning, which should put him on his Guard, neglected he suffers her Views to pass, and shuts his Eyes to the Light she offers. To those Critics who measure Words, Sentiments, Pathos, and Tears of Language *guttatim by the Alembic*, who will not permit the Effusions of Fancy to be distilled through Paper quicker than so many Drops an Hour, let it be some little Excuse that there are Reasons for pardoning Scribbling.

From the hasty, unadorned, uncultivated Attempts of feeble Capacities, Feats (if I may so express them) of Science have been performed, highly advantageous to Literature. By the vulgar Wrestling of country Fellows we learn the Powers of the human Body; by the Wrestling of the human Mind we develop the Powers of the human Soul. All Things must begin subordinate in Kind, rising if possible to an elevated Capacity. As we are taught not to despise the common Soldier, who may some Day rise to Eminence in Arms, therefore let each Man use his weak Endeavours, by gentle Degrees, to aspire at Learning. Every Mind has something within it; each is the Gift of God, and the *Mechanism* of all is as *one*. Properly restricted and qualified in its Sphere, the Humblest may attempt without Vanity something. The more lowly his Condition, the more exalted his Rise, only let Virtue be his Aim, and the Good of Society. Without Attempts, in every Instance, human Abilities would remain imperfect, and as we are obliged long to practice our mechanical Motions 'ere we walk, so is the Mind bound to exert herself before even a proper Conception of what is right can well be formed. The mere Suggestion of one Man, suffices for the Evolution of another Man's Abilities, and however incomplete such an Intimation might have

have been, without it the Subject had never arisen. And as there is a strange Pre-disposition in Man for Learning, and a vast Susceptibility of Nature to teach him, why should the Fear of Criticism restrain him? That it has its material Use in Letters is true, and that it ultimately tends to the Perfection of all that is beautiful in Science, yet the Rigour of Criticism may suppress Genius, or occasionally prevent its appearing. The Mind of Man is so sure to rid itself of its Ideas, that rather than not shoot out at all, it will produce Weeds in Lieu of Flowers. But the Soil is naturally good, and with little Cultivation, it will at least destroy the Tares which might prevent the Chance of Flowers growing. By destroying of Weeds the Gardener learns to cultivate Flowers. The Surface of the human Mind is like Glass; all Glass reflects, some naturally better than other, but all Glass is improved by polishing.

Every Degree of Learning, properly applied, is useful. We are not in this Sense to use the term Learning, for that Degree which bears its highest Endowments with it; every Step from absolute Ignorance must be taken in the Account. To confine ourselves to the strict Description of a learned Man, would be defining a Character of a most rare Description. Although the Space
betwixt

betwixt the first Step from Ignorance, and the highest of Learning, makes a Ladder little less than Jacob's, yet we must in our humble Way, consider the lowest of the lower Scale ; and we may say, that if even the least Cultivation of Mind is not indispensibly necessary for a Man in a Saw Pit, who does all that is required of him when he saws as he should do, yet there is something to be gained by the Man from it. There is a certain State of Mind, which having learnt the Duty of Obedience in its Station, this Mind acquires a certain Peace, a certain Notion of Pleasure within itself, a certain quiet Condolance of Frame, which makes his Mind happy in bodily Servitude. But then much depends on the Administration of Learning ; the Nature of it, the Kind, the Quality, and the Degree of his Reading. If we enter the House of a Man in humble Life, 'tis rare to meet with any Book but the Bible, or some such devout Production. I speak not of the Times, when incendiary, rascally Writers have disgraced the Name of Humanity, and poisoned the Houses of the Poor with their accursed political Venom. I speak not of these Times, for such they are, when the Almighty has already opened the Tragedy which is to finish with the Fall of Villany. Once he did it in his gracious Person, now Times are too barbarous
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for Types and Hyroglyphic Expreffions of his Vengeance; nothing lefs than Man's cruel Arm can make cruel Man feel. The Lenity of an Almighty Hand is too delicate. The Sufferings of another have now loft the Emphasis of its former Impreffion, nothing lefs than fuffering Man to be man's Executioner, can compensate the Malice of his atrocious Crimes. But fo fure as the Vengeance overhangs, fo certain will be the Deftruftion of thefe Monsters. The full Force of impending Heaven hangs heavy over the Heads of iniquitous Mortals. If the Peafant can read his Duty, 'tis to be attributed to a subordinate Degree of Learning, but without this Degree of Learning, the Mind of this Peafant would be the worfe for it. And as that is commendable which conduces in its Proportion to good, fo the leaft poffible Degree of Learning is ufeful; much Exertion of the human Capacity is not required for that Attainment in Reading, which fuffices as a Taper to fhew the Ignorant where his Foot fhould tread. For want of this, however flender the Light, he might perifh on the Road. The Eye once half opened is engaged by the Enjoyment of the Little which it fees, to open it further, a little Time the Light grows brighter, the Day begins to appear. Hail Heavenly Object! even the Clown cries, whence comes thou, where ends thou

thou Eternal Light. Just so is the first Dawn of even the peasant's Sight. He reads a Word or two, he thinks and reads and spells, and fancies much more than he has read. Can he even forget it in his Sleep? The Canvas for the Picture has been stretched, the first rude Lines are drawn, Nature has already prepared the Colours which he has at Hand; he takes the Pencil and begins to dash. Who knows what the Pencil may produce!

If such is Nature, and that which the watching Eye cannot trace, Slumbers and Sleep make out. If from the rude Mass of Matter, if Letters, Syllables, Words, Sentences, and Contemplation is formed in the Mind of Man, why restrain the blindest Mind, why close the dimmest Eye, or shackle the delineating Finger of Fancy in the most abject Mortal? Why turn to ridicule the faintest Sparks of Learning, which properly managed might blaze? Why not force the weakest plant, if nature's turn is served so doing; Why not ingraft Learning, and dispose the Branches wisely as they grow. 'Tis not necessary for a Peasant to be learned; but proper Information, as properly administered, would improve human Nature. 'Twould associate better Man to Man. 'Twould make each more forbearing and happy,

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and add to the Prosperity of a State. The Misfortune has been that the Vipers of the present Age have industriously perverted the Good of Reading before the Country were aware of it, and inoculated their Vices. This in a State where its Members could by Force of Reason learn so much as to see the fatal Tendency of it, would be readily extinguished. The Degree of Learning which I mean to imply as necessary for the lower Orders of People, is that which enables them to read their pious Books, and partake of the Advantage of pious Discourses. By these last I do not mean such as are every Day uttered to the People. Full of Politics and party Matters. 'Twere better for Society if Men and Pastors so given, had been more ignorant than the Flock they lead. That Learning so called in them becomes a concealed Weapon, with which the Unwary are attacked, protected as they think in the House of God. These Men are unfit Pastors, driving the Flock they should piously lead.

We will by no Means infer that the lower Class of Men are to learn the Latin Authors, or that it is necessary for a religious Man to translate the Fathers. If the Man in an humble Station
can

can read to his Family, can by reading learn to teach them the Advantages of a good Life; if by this he rears his Children to study Contentment in good Books, and to commiserate almost the Vanity of the higher Spheres; if he can spell over and over to them the good Traces of a good Heart, and can delineate on Paper, and imprint on their Minds the virtuous Path, let him close his Book. **THIS IS LEARNING.** Every Action of their Lives, each Syllable of their Utterance will flow with the Elegance of Diction. They will possess Learning sufficient to confound the Ignorant. to raise the Admiration of the Wise, and to finish their Career with Splendor. The dispensible Necessity of a given Degree of Learning might be enforced by a Variety of Arguments which my little Essay will not admit; but by such a Degree is meant that which is suitable for given Conditions. To take a general Survey of the States of Men, we must own, that there are many conducing Arguments to dispose us to believe that very little Learning will suffice the Situation of Man. But this Deficiency must be supplied by other Means. Regularity for Instance. If we recollect the Narrative of Voyages, we may have observed, that where Learning was not to be found in certain Societies, they were notwithstanding almost Patterns of civil Subordination.

In

In more enlightened Countries, as we stile them, we come to our Regulations by Way of Learning and Education. In this Way we are long before much Progreſs is made in qualifying Society. In thoſe ruder States they chiefly pay Attention to the Management of their Police. They know their Wants, they don't write but talk about them. They ſend out to ſupply them. They are taught their mutual Dependance and individual Strength. They feel the Neceſſity of reciprocal Dependance; they commune and converſe freely with each other; they calmly and without much Jealouſy appoint Leaders, they implicitly obey them, they conſult with each other without Bribes, they bind themſelves in Words and ſeal them by Deeds, they live contentedly humble, and die happy.

That civilized and learned States do not enjoy thoſe Comforts cannot be imputed to their Learning. There are ſome Men of the fineſt Capacities moſt accompliſhed Rogues and Scholars, But conſidered in the Bulk, the more men's Minds, of whatever Condition, are in Poſſeſſion of Learning, the more they know the Neceſſity of Subordination. And in general the Fermentations of State do not proceed from the learned but the illiterate Body. Depending on mere bodily
Strength

Strength, on Numbers, and comparing themselves with the Numbers of others ; conscious of their Superiority they rebel. Sometimes a Man of unbridled Ambition and Learning will lead the Van. or more commonly will push on the Rear. Then, as if sensible of his Superiority, by Virtue of his Learning, the Rioters grow desperate, they do an infinity of Mischief, and at length are happy thro' Famine, Misery, Danger or Dread, again to apply to Learning for its Aid. Not for its Aid in teaching them to read, or to write, or to be Scholars, but in teaching them whither they are to go peaceably to live. They apply to learned Statesmen for Redress in their Grievances, how to know the readiest Way to make Nature procure Peace, Grain, or other Necessaries. How to bind each other by Laws which secure Property and provide Sustainance. How to seek Redress from the Hands of Providence by Means of their Ministers. How to find the Means by Prudence of providing for themselves, and of educating their Children in such a Manner as to make them alter those Actions which had led them for Want of Instruction into all the Miseries they so lately suffered, with an Aggravation of ten thousand Circumstances, in ten thousand Forms. Men restrained by no Laws return to their Duty. Had their Minds in their Infancy enjoyed

enjoyed a few of the ordinary Sensations of moral Reading, those Miseries would have never happened.

The more we argue, even against considerable Opinions, of the Propriety of every Individual's possessing a certain Portion of Information, the stronger the Necessity will appear. Therefore the Propriety must be granted. But how find out the right Path of Learning :—'tis so material.

If Parents would consider that Situation in which the Likelihood of their Circumstances will place their Children, the Line might be readily drawn. In how few Stations is the Study of Latin or Greek even necessary. In how many, plain Reading, plain Writing, and an abundant Knowledge of Accounts. With this last good Qualification thoroughly wrought, a Man of any Description may travel for Years and not meet with a Town of any Note in which, properly recommended, his Bread is not ready. It is almost as good as Money. It is an Acquisition of easy Access; a small Portion of his Time from four Years old, or sooner, properly applied to this Study, makes the Man, before he has finished Childhood. It makes him equal to man's Wages. It enables him to be in constant Employ. Can
Trade

Trade be carried on without it ? Is not Trade the Subſiſtance of the chief Towns in Europe ? Is not Commerce natural to Man ? Will Famine or Plague prevent it ? In Fact it is an Occupation that never dies. A man with this may loſe almoſt two thirds of the Uſe of his Body. With one Hand, one Eye, and common Senſe, he is qualified for the moſt lucrative Salaries. With Latin and Greek at his finger's End, he is at beſt but an unfashionable Gentleman ; if he has no Fortune, he muſt either be married, or live the conſtant Death of Reſtraint in an Univerſity ; he muſt come Home, (if he has one,) extremely learned, extremely laughed at by his Neighbours, the But of his Parents, the Drudge of an accuſed School, or the ſtill more pitiable Tutor in ſome proud Family, daily ſupplying a Pound of Knowledge to the Children for a Penny ; or he muſt wait with ſhrugged Shoulders the fair Promiſes of ſome baſhaw Gentleman, to church Preferment, or be Steward or Prieſt to his Family at Thirty Pounds a Year. *Miferere mei Deus ſecundum Magnam Miſericordiam tuam.* God defend me from ſuch Learning.

Such is the improper Application of Learning. In all Extreems 'tis bad. All depends upon the proper Perſon and Qualification. Common Senſe
has

has taught every Man even before the Years of proper Discretion, the Requisites of Learning for his Station. As Times go, every man's Son is to learn a Smattering of Latin, a Touch of the Greek; perhaps the Parent, a Sow Gelder, will not be content without his Son knows the Hebrew Dialect. Strange Perversion of Time, Means, and Money! But of all Rages none exceeds that which for some Years has held of rearing their Sons to some Profession. Men to my Knowledge who have not been able fairly to reckon upon the Means of one year's Subsistence, have placed their Sons as professional Men. He must mount the Pulpit, the Bar, the Surgeon's Theatre, or aspire to the Honours of Hippocrates. What is to be expected from such Imprudence? The Year expires, "Art long—the Year short," Money gone, the Boy stranded. He has entered upon a Profession, 'twere Pity to retire: What is to be done? Try his luck—start for himself. Committing petty Depredations as an Attorney; interrupting unmercifully the natural Crisis of Diseases as a Physician; dividing Arteries where Veins should be opened as Surgeon, (the more intrepid the less successful;) or pounding away his miserable Hours in as miserable a Mortar, as an Apothecary. If daily Experience had not authorized such Censure, where is the Pleasure, where is the Profit of

a poor unfortunate *Blood-Letter* like me, holding up the Glass, mindful of myself in reflecting my neighbours. But God knows, let the stricken Jade wince, I have seen enough to know the Poverty of a poor Profession; where in the Midst of Plenty, frequently Professions starve. Obsequious to every Will, denied the Enjoyment of any Passion. For such are the Descendants of Hippocrates. But there is no flying hence, or tarrying here. When the Die has long been cast, and Time has rusted and rivetted the Sinews of new Attempts, what can a poor Fellow do? The more learned, (if Learning he has,) the more miserable. That Share which enables him to contemplate the Humbleness of his Situation, and to examine the Grapes he cannot reach, must be one of the unfortunate Extremes to which I allude. Let every man's Mind be sufficiently qualified, and that only for his Situation, then Learning or Information in such a Degree is wise and happy. Either too much, or too little, makes his Situation miserable. To ascertain the proper Degree, is what with me, I humbly presume, to be the right Path of Learning so material. The Difficulty of attaining real Learning, is no Doubt a Difficulty, of which I must not diffidently speak, having never experienced it. But if we judge from the Pains and extreme Labour which it has

cost its Possessors, the Assertion will stand easy on Evidence. But it must be observed, that Excellence is not attainable without the most incessant Diligence. Nature does not admit Superiority to be the Child of Sloth and Indolence. All that excel must work. Examine any Profession, or any Man in a Line of excelling, and you will invariably find Diligence has gone farther than Genius. This last may suggest Work for the Chissel, but the Hand and Chissel must ultimately form the Statue. Apelles must work. How does Nature compleat her stupendious Works? How does she finish and push into Flower the Aloes, once in a hundred Years? Allow so long.—Why not quicken it like the mellow Polyanth? How does she form the Strata of Volcano's, but by the slow Hand of Time? How does she regulate the Return of Comets, or where are the Boundaries to the most complicate of all Complications, Time and Eternity? Alas! how quick, and yet how slow to us appears Nature in her Progress. Is Time to perfect any Thing except our Salvation? Is the World to be hung upon fresh Swivels? Are those to wear away, or do they hang by the Hand that never wears? Sure if Nature is carrying on something in this Instance, as in other lesser Departments towards Perfection, how perfect must that be
which

which requires Age to Age imperceptibly adding to its Completion. Mercy on us, is it possible to conceive that Immensity of Space, Eternity of Time, (if such an Expression is just) and a never ceasing Care should be required for any Thing less than an Almighty Purpose. What avails our scanty Particles of Knowledge, which in our Eyes cannot fail of being nearly despicable, when we consider Things around us. We are assured that Time will soon break in upon our little Pursuits, and that our Souls will have been transplanted into a much more pure Soil than this, 'ere our Progeny have begun their Speculations; yet is there a Comfort, aye, a great Comfort, even in the Attempt at making ourselves so well informed both of Things of this World and the next, as near as we can; that from it we may at least deserve a transient Joy. For what is there in this Life that can delight us but the real and solid Meditations of the Heart. Most assuredly it is the sweetest Opiate to our Misfortunes, and before its Action ceases, exhorts the Sensibility of our mental Frame, of our mortal Frame, aye, of a Frame so infinitely superior to mere Clay, that in the Moment of our Sensations it scorns Correction. The more difficult the Allurements of Learning, the greater should be the Excitement of those who would pursue it.

Men whose Fortunes allow of a proper Time to read, and to digest their Reading, are the only proper Persons for Professions. Much is expected at their Hands. They must do much or all their Time is mispent. To such Men, and to such alone, is entrusted the Care of Property or Health, two very material Considerations, but in particular the first. There is nothing better ascertained than that Men are more eager, and will pay more for the Preservation of their Property than their Lives. A Man would not begrudge fifty Pounds for securing a Property, who would actually die before he could find Heart to allow ten for his Life. Such is Man, and such his Folly;—but a Folly so well known, and frequently practised, that 'twere needless urging the Subject. I lament the Nature of my own Frame, and consider it on a very paradoxical Light, that the most perfect Soul should be doomed to pass a Portion of its Time, in some Measure subject to the Vicissitudes of the most imperfect Body. In some Measure, however, whether from Weariness of Body, or Inaptitude of Mind, the Attainment of Knowledge is to many Men most truly irksome. Indeed 'tis so to most Men. When Learning is acquired, of course the Merit is enhanced, and the Value becomes proportionable to the Difficulty of its Attainment. There are
many

many Men, whose Minds where fixed upon a Subject, will remain with much Attachment ; but the Thread of the Subject being broken, new Impressions take Place in his Mind, and he loaths any Return to the Subject. Those Men may shine in Learning, their Faculties being generally strong, and of ready Conception. But Works of Labour and penurious Investigation, fatigue the Fibres of the Brain, and supplant the natural Tenor of their Thoughts. On this Account, as there is a certain Mode in which each must think and be suffered to digest his Thought, if we wish them Natural, it is proper to administer as it were to the native Circumstance, and to allow the Brain its natural Play. How irksome is a School Boy's Hour, we all know ; tied to the Stake of Study, when his Mind's at Play what Progress does he make. The Day comes, the Hour comes ; the Moment when he wants his Books thirsts for his Theme. Examine his Work—'tis well done. The Nature of our Studies must also be considered, the Soil of our Brain, the Grain which must be cultivated, the Season of the Day, the Period of our Life, and other Circumstances, require Attention. But these Particularities of Nature at once bespeak the Necessity and the Difficulty of the more abstruse Studies. The Number which excel in any of them is very small.

With

With every Advantage, labouring for Years, some have scarce begun to sow, before others have reaped their Harvest. Nature is at once bountiful and partial. The long List of Students, their various Propensities, Advancement and Dullness, might furnish a pleasant Recital of the human Mind. Professors have it in their Power thus to collect from various Anecdotes, and constant Observation, an useful Supplement to the human Capacity. Even amongst Men whose Interest is glaringly conspicuous to them, and who have incessantly tried for Years to excel, how few are there who have approached at all to the Mark of Perfection? Here and there, strewed with Parsimony, Nature will produce a prodigal Son, whose Abilities shone conspicuous, whose Mind, less tutored but more enlightened, seems to have been furnished by Nature with every Requisite of the ground Work, fit for the farther Superstructure. The Basis ready formed, requires little more Work to be added. Genius quickly supplies this, and all is perfected with every Appearance of Ease. How happy, how rare, the Dispensations of Learning! Viewing Matters in a different Light, with all these Advantages and a clear Capacity, a ready Wit, strong Conception, and other such Blandishments, we perceive in the same Character, not the smallest
Power

Power of adding two to two, of attempting to solve a Problem, to spring an Arch, or trace the slightest Genius for Music. So Nature withdraws to keep the Balance. Place the Astronomer in a Lace Shop, he must starve from Incapacity. How awkwardly would that Man deal the Shuttle who could trace the slightest Alteration of a Star! Let him who could calculate the Return of a Comet for thousands of Years, through the Maze of a thousand Obstructions, be placed in the House of Commons, and he will not bring away with him distinctly, ten Periods of a single Speech. Much less would he perform many Duties which some of the public Offices require. A Line must be drawn. Learning, Arts, Habits, Actions, Passions, all require Time to accomplish. All require a certain Disposition of Organ, Mental or Bodily, but each observed in its Kind, will be as essential to our Welfare, as a certain Degree of Learning to the lowest of Men. The Pleasures of Learning compensate for the Pains. This of Course those best feel who are most profound. Even in a small Degree, Learning has a wonderful Relish; it fills up Time in so pleasant a Manner, without Fatigue, without Anxiety beyond what the Subject brings. Undisturbed by any Body, silent as the Orbs of Heaven, in full Enjoyment of a mental Repast, sits Learning in its Cell.

Cell. All the World is obsolete. All Passions saving the Sensibility of Mind, forgot. Wrapt up at once in the Luxury of the Eye, which partakes of the Sweetness of a Passage, benumbed with Extasy, without Controul absorbed, and happy as Man can be, is the Hour of Reading. Much has Man to thank Heaven, that repairs as it were, by the Sleep of the Mind, those Fatigues which worldly Matter impose upon it. Engaged in Literature, he feels no Thirst, knowing no Hunger, void of Cares, dead to Time, revelling in Sentiment, almost distressed in Pleasure, above the World, the Mind's itself alone. As far as we can judge from the Warmth of men's Expressions, and the Nature of those Feelings, which at the Time produce them few Enjoyments in Life, could so much elevate the Heart, as the Pleasures of Science. Little less than removed from Flesh, not by a Death, but a Refinement upon Life, the Enjoyments of Literature never pall. Every Hour edges on to the next, with Avidity. That come 'tis too soon past. The Frailties of Nature forsake us, we are at once ourselves and above us. Mortal by the Enjoyment of all that Mortal can enjoy which is sensitive, and then a Something removed, exquisite beyond the Power of Nature; and yet Susceptibility enjoys the Refinement. It is an Enjoyment certainly existing
beyond

beyond Expression. Were this not the Case, how could Man seclude himself as he does, from every other Enjoyment. Not for an Hour, one Week, one Month, but for Months, Years, a life Time. Surely the Pleasures of Learning, which so strongly interfere, and call upon those of the Imagination, must needs be of the finest Order of Sensations, or Men would quit the Career of an ordinary Amusement; but the more we pursue Literature, the stronger is our Attachment. Novelty arises in every Page. The Mind grows rich in its Happiness, and those Riches are without Alloy. All of which must surely be the most desirable of human Amusements. I cut short the vast Variety of Instances, wherein even the Sciences may be brought to such common Capacities, where a thousand Experiments, the Produce of the Sciences, are daily presented to the Public in common Exhibitions. Nay the most illiterate Person is every Day amazed for a Trifle with the Variety of Theatrical Exhibitions. Philosophical Experiments are elegantly displayed, to excite his Grief or Amusement, and yet he little thinks, so simple is Nature drest, that the deepest Researches and most laborous Investigations, have been attempted to produce the Effect. Independant of the Pleasures resulting from Learning, the Advantages to Mankind are most

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varied.

varied. The Face of Nature teems with the Produce of Science in man's Behalf. What would have become of all the Powers which the Study of Mechanics has brought forth? Without them, Mankind must have been at the greatest Loss for Assistance. However large the Powers opposed to us by Steam, by Condensed, by the Lever, by Freezing or Thawing, by ten thousand Experiments of Naturalists, we turn all to the Use of Man. In those immense Machines long wrought by Hand, where Numbers were with Difficulty procured to perform certain mechanical Motions, how vast was the Destruction of the Species. How much more her Philosophy proved that one Drop of condensed Vapour would effect what the condensed Power of a hundred Hands could not. What cursed Destruction, aye, opprobrium of our Invention, has not Gunpowder made in the different Countries where used. How many Millions have been murdered, which God knows, might not have fallen by human Hands. If this does not prove the Use of Learning, it proves its Power, which may otherwise be as usefully employed in repairing such unfortunate Applications. In what State would Surgery have been, and the many mechanical Injuries which are daily happening, how remediable, if not by the Gift of Science? Why, by examining and dissecting

dissecting of Bodies as once exposes their Structure and Means of Relief. What Pain is not avoided by the elegant, though tremendous Form of our Instruments, which the more severe they appear, the less they feel to the unfortunate Patient. Whence came Steel, and the wonderful Arts of polishing, tempering, and preparing for the Artist, unless by the Invention of Nature, in the deep Recess of her Womb? Whence came the immense Sagacity in the various Properties of the Minerals, Sulphurs, and Combinations of Nature, unless by the Researches of Philosophy? How much are we indebted to the Naturalist for exposing the Qualities of Air, for detecting its poisonous Combination, alloying the Fury of its Attacks, and of all the other poisonous Ingredients. Nature must be long and deeply studied before she will yield one slender Article of her Secrets. They are there, if Man chuses to investigate. It well becomes him to do it, and will amply repay him for the Trouble. Not a Peasant that walks the Field, or the Mariner that walks the Deck, not a Tradesman that sorts his Wool, or the Joiner that cuts his Wood, but might all be amply repaid, if they would patiently examine their Trades. Every Thing which has Nature on its Surface, has something curious to shew us. But she wills that we are at the Trouble of looking.

ing. How few think it worth their While ! Was ever any one who thought otherwise, disappointed of his Hope of Gain. If not by Money, he receives his Value in Pleasure, and will be very happy to own, that Nature is a bountiful Nurse to Children who seek her Support. One half, one fiftieth Part, one million Part of nature's Secrets as yet lie hid. Superficial Observers suppose Nature is completely laid open. But all who dive, find something. It has been so from Time immemorial, and will subsist as long as Man, unless Providence in his gracious Goodness thinks fit by slow Degrees, to terminate the Study and Mysteries of Nature, with the Period of a man's Existence. Perhaps Man has a certain Task to learn, which by Nature he is allowed to accomplish ; this being done, the Purpose of Providence in him may be answered, nor ceases to exist, Nature being thus displayed. Conjecture might be carried into the wildest Extremes. I cease in Time, 'ere the Mind is sterile.

The main Object of Learning comes next, which is Religion and Virtue. Having this Aim, what can be more sublime than Learning. Although we have a revealed Religion, and have it expounded to us by numerous Ministers, yet the Exposition of that which comes immediately by reading,

is not convincing. Every Argument which carries any Weight with it, passing first through the Eyes, then immediately upon the Organ of Reason, strikes there with double Vengeance. The Evidence of our Eye, which whilst it reads, also rehearſes, is of the moſt penetrating Kind. We at once recollect the ſtrong external Forms of every Thing around us, beſpeaking the Views of Providence. All the beautiful Views of Nature croud upon the Mind, pouring in ſtronger and ſtronger Conviction of the Probability of what we read. Unfortunately, ſuch is the general Conduct of Man, that little Virtue is to be found by Example among them. In many, the Portion ſeems very ſlender which ſeparates the Man from the Brute. Every Thing conſidered, perhaps the Brute is more rational than ſome Men. This would not happen if the Practice of Letters, and that of Virtue, were a little more brought upon the Carpet. It is impoſſible by frequent Reading not to mend the Heart. Even againſt a bad Diſpoſition, the Tide of Virtue may be made powerful. Few are perhaps ſo depraved as to exclude the Rays of Conſcience. If theſe through Reading are frequently ſoliciting even the worſt Part of Man, he muſt be bad indeed who always rebels. Many do not like to take Inſtruction from a living Agent, who will coolly permit a
dead

dead Author to visit his Heart. For in Life, and living Creatures, there is an Activity, which the Moment it appears almost excites Opposition. Few Men submit tamely to the Rebukes of others. All would submit more or less to those of a dead Monitor. When we consider the main Points we gain by consulting pious Writings; when we perceive that the Work we read does not particularly chide our Failings, but that induced by a virtuous Spirit to speak to all, it begs our Countenance, we turn aside, and own our Friend. For such is amongst others, the Benefit of Reading. Virtue arises from it. 'Tis most commonly its Aim. Good Dispositions will soon make out good Books, and these will soon satisfy good Intentions. The Excitement to Virtue is what we should particularly cherish. The Life of Man, so short, in Reality has few Comforts, and if Virtue is wanting, perhaps none. The furious Stings of an usurping Conscience, returning without Remorse, and inflicted without Pity, might all be avoided by moderate Learning. By this we should at least know the Path, whether we chose or not to follow it. Learning, nay common Information by Books, conduces to every Thing which leads to Happiness. That in this, as well as other Circumstances, there must be a certain Turn to favour it, is true, to make it useful; but a very moderate

moderate Inclination, I may almost say a negative one from Evil, will be sufficient to turn Reading into Virtue. Should it so happen that by Reading we are absolutely hurried to Virtue, then its Effects will be evident. The Heart not tepid before this Incitement, will soon glow with a Fervour of the highest Kind. This Fervour will by Degrees melt into a profound Sense of Religion, which will at once present to us the most immediate and powerful Effect of Learning.

If it were alone for the Advantages which a certain Degree of Learning gives us, it would be worth While cultivating it. By the Progress of our Studies we gain daily Insight into the Advantages which may be derived in Part to others, most materially to ourselves, by the Perusal of Scripture. In that Volume of divine Mandates, and human Wisdom, all that God has bestowed to Man, at once lies open to him. In it he reads the Mystery of Religion, and the Advantages of its Practice. His Mind perpetually dwelling upon Good, cannot fail imbibing from it. The Face of Nature is depicted to us, both divine and human. We are made to understand not only the Power but Justice of a Godhead. All our Actions may be brought to that Standard, and by them be measured. We see at once what
is

is to be done. The various Enjoyments of the Mind and Conscience are made sensible to us. We are taught to set a just Value upon Good, and to admire those Works to which Omnipotence, and Omnipotence alone is competent. We perceive plainly our own Insignificance, and learn at once to weigh our own Actions. If we examine the Writings of holy Men, and particularly to which we are obliged by Faith to assent, we immediately detect one unanimous Sentiment which pervades them all. The Tendency is ever to Good. The respective Current of all the lesser Rivulets of Devotion, more or less, rapidly are conveying their Streams to the Almighty Ocean. An Ocean, in which God knows, many have been wrecked, in spite of all the Light-houses, Pilots, and Land-marks, which were graciously provided for their Safety. And such is the Nature of Man that if he were to behold a Hand beckoning him to come into Port, he would stay out the Storm through mere Perverseness. If Providence has kindly, by the Study of Characters and Letters, made our Way easy to Happiness, should we not cultivate the Plan he has laid down. If common worldly Concerns spoke with Half the Energy which superior Objects have used, we should soon take the Hint, and pursue their Call. But in Matters of eternal Moment, we refuse ourselves every Advantage

Advantage offered. We put by Learning to perish in Ignorance. We stand counter to the Advice which would make us happy. If it were for no better than common Amusement, or from being convinced by the Conduct of others, how much the least Learning by Comparison brings, we ought to pursue it, as it almost opens the Gates of earthly Paradise to us, and to a certainty may be made the Key to Heaven. This alone should induce us to esteem it. By persevering Diligence, by good Books, and the pious Effusions of sacred Authority, we might most assuredly command mortal Felicity, and by the highest Use of it, we as undoubtedly might claim those eternal Rewards, which Readings and the Practice of Piety will necessarily afford. If there was a Chance of being deceived after our Toils, some bad Plea might be raised against the Use of Learning, in regard to Salvation. But as every Line we read in holy Books adds to the Testimony of that Proceeding, and as we have not any Instance of a Man being miserable who was truly Learned in religious Matters, there is not a Trace of Doubt remains that the Almighty intended Learning as the greatest Incentive to Happiness and Virtue. Freely persuaded of the Truth of the Assertion, let us wrap up the Subject of Learning with all the Respect to it which

the Creator has given it. When Word of Mouth from his Person was not found adequate to the Preservation of Religion amongst Men, the Scriptures were undertaken, that the Word and the Truth might not perish. They were to remain written upon the Minds of Ages. Neither Fire or any Volcano of Times, ever destroyed the Holy Writings. Handed down by Men, whose Faith taught them Language too powerful to oppose, those Writings have remained perpetuated in their original Sense. Mere Memorials, unless stamped by the unfading Character, would have soon been disputed by the casuist Man. But a Character introduced by Fire and written in Blood, is difficult to efface: For such is the written Law of God. Easy of Access to all Capacities, humble yet forcible to all Minds, once seen, never obliterated, fadden in Goodness, in Happiness, in Divinity. Thus continues Scripture to Man. Surely with this Pains if Things are managed, and managed for Man alone, is he not of some Value with his Creator? But should not his Creator so sacrificing be of the most infinite Value to him? If he, who free from every Care, wills to partake of those of Man, nay even in some Measure to undergo the Punishments, and that Man is most sensibly convinced of it, should he not READ, should he not WRITE?—
 should

should he not lift up the Hand, bend the Knee,
Nay exercise every human Effort, gratefully to
adore his Maker.

ON

ON
RELIGION.

RELIGION, as a perfect Representation, would require the Pen of an inspired Writer. 'Tis not this Spirit of Religion which I attempt. 'Twere as vain as presumptuous. It is the Religion of the inward Man. It is the Mixture of the moral and instinctive Character which forms my Plan. It is to enforce the invaluable Assemblage of the natural Conscience, and moral Rectitude, which solicits my Endeavours, and in these to represent the never-failing Benefits from Man to Man. Revealed Religion, its Requisitions and Inferences, appertain to the Divine, whose *Duty* * it is at once to illucidate and confirm. Let me appeal alone to the ungarnished Heart, where the Religion of Nature and of God were

* It is nevertheless with much Regret and Concern, that we too often find this Duty neglected, if not totally omitted, by those Gentlemen who ought to know better. One or two of this Kind I could mention, who, I am sorry to say, are almost too negligent to perform even the Marriage Ceremony without having first partook of a *Bon Dejeune*; and almost too indolent to bury the Dead, lest they should be too late to indulge the Calls of a vitiated Appetite.

were implanted as devoutly as in the most enlightened Man. Man is never so vulnerable, as when he is attacked on the Side of natural Intellect and Conscience. Whatever infringes with Energy upon those, at once carries Conviction to his most rebellious Fibres. In whatever Form, through whatever Rectual the Calls of Nature appear, matters little, the Functions of his Mind are enlightened, and the End of all Modes of Religion is answered, by the most simple and most forcible of all Monitors—The Intellectual Soul.

Religion makes many Calls upon human Nature, and the Vicissitudes of that Nature enforce many Requests upon Religion. By Religion, I imply that high Sense of a Supreme Being, which bursts all the Searments of Humanity, and will not be obscured by any Thing. It is the strongest Sense of the strongest Faculty of the Soul. It pervades all Regions and Beings. Man owns no Medium betwixt his Senses and the Deity; whilst Animals attempting something, look on Man as the intervening Object of his Submission. Man has Sense to discover the Error of the Animal, and there may be an intermediate Animal that sees the Error of Man. Be it as it may, in true Religion there is a certain Pressure of Hope,
which

which is unknown to spurious Devotion. By this high Quality of Soul the Mind becomes congenial with Religion, and influenced by it, owns no Competitor in Happiness. Religion thus formed, teaches us how to honour our Maker. Not by false Lights and Glimmerings of Fervor, but by a noble Enthusiasm, almost reflected from Heaven that hangs over us. It shews us our Maker through the most transparent Medium. It is a Medium formed of the purest Rays of the most pure Sense.

True Religion not only presents to us our Creator, but in the most lively Manner the Forms of Creation, and in those Forms we clearly discover the multiplied Wisdom of the Creator, and the vast Versatility of his Genius. By cultivating Religion, we refine upon the Senses, and produce an Order and Truth of Sentiment, which throws a Light upon the Face of Nature. And in Nature we learn to adore the Hand which first formed the Animal, and its living Principle. The Eye uplifted to Heaven, beholds its magnificence. The varied Colours of the Sky, tinged and tintured with all the Brilliancy of supernatural Painting. The burning Lens and Chrystals of the Firmament, the whole Concave of Heaven set with Brilliants, are so many Eyes by which we
view

view the Creator through his wonderful Works, The Mind moreover enlarging upon those, forms so true a Representation of God, that to have true Religion in our Heart, is to possess what is not to be withdrawn. The clear Comprehension of Divinity.

By genuine Religion we learn genuine Devotion, in this Devotion we become inspired from God, and with God we are permitted to anticipate the Secret of all human Enjoyments, Happiness. Therefore being convinced by the strong Evidence of all our Senses, that there is a Being of a most perfect Order, to whom every Thing is tributary on Earth, it becomes a Matter of no little Moment that we endeavour to give something to him, who has given every Thing to us, and consequently common Gratitude, independent of higher Motives, obliges us to adore our Creator. And as Religion brings so many worldly Advantages along with it, it puts the Matter out of dispute that Man is every Way bound to cherish Religion, as he loves himself and his Creator. Without Religion there is no forming a Creature agreeable to his Creator. Man is perhaps the only Animal who dares meet the Frowns of his Master ; others, obsequious to their Instincts, never rebel against Nature ; but Man
more

more ungrateful and less deserving, opposes the Arm which gave him Life. Man was permitted to enjoy in some sort the Prerogatives of his Maker. He has a Will of his own. This is opposed by a Monitor, Conscience, and a something which shews the Way he should go. In despite of this, he shuts his Heart to Religion. Knowing that every Thing good is included, he still draws the Net over his Understanding, and wilfully opposes his Creator. Alas poor Man! Art thou not the Foible of Nature, nay the very Antidote to that which is most natural. Thou art the first of Animals, with the worst of Vices. Drifted from Religion, thou art a *Wreck* upon the *Sea*, and a *Sea* of *Troubles*. Thou art every Thing most great, with the greatest Meanness. Eyes that might see, and are blind. Ears that might hear, and are deaf. Soul that might feel, but is insensible. Mind that might enjoy, but refuses its Choice. The Companion of thy Creator, thou spurns him, and in denying Religion, denies thy Happiness. In adoring the Creator, there may be a Mode and an Energy in doing of it, suitable to the Object, and most pleasing to the Godhead. This may not perhaps consist in the Artifice of performing it, but in a Dignity becoming the first Suppliant of the Universe. That Adoration, or a something perhaps less flattering, should

should be acceptable to the Creator, is highly probable. For to Man belongs the inherent pre-disposition to Religion. He selected from the Group of animated Nature, solely shews a Conscioufness of a supreme Agent. With uplifted Eye, prostrate Heart, and a suppliant Posture, he kneels to the Shrine of his Deity. There he meets a reciprocal Influence, and inexpressible Suffusion of Devotion and Happiness, inspired by the first Cause of his Existence. Even in Prostrating to our Maker, there is a Stile and Dignity of Action, which expresses the Sincerity of our Heart. An apostate Spirit can never hang out the noble Insignia and Marks of Piety, which the traducing Heart affects. It matters little how we are drest at the Altar Table, a pure Soul waves all Ceremony. Let the Soul be pure, tho' as naked as the ruffer Grass, it will catch the Eye of a discerning Creator. That Religion which is established upon an honest Heart and an upright Intention, will supply all Courtesies. So founded there will be little Occasion for all the bastard Sorts, so common in the World. So varied are the Forms, so multiplied the Absurdities of most Sects, that at length there must be a general Deluge of them. When this happens, then an Appeal to the honest Heart must be made, and the Religion of Nature must prevail. A Religion

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defended

defended by all that Man feels right, and expressly dictated by Nature. In other Instances Nature is our general Guide. We watch the Compass of Nature, and observe where the Needle points. Is she not a faithful Leader? Creation is held in nature's Power. Right and Wrong are instinctively taught us. Divest Man of the Commerce of the World, and of all the degenerate Vices of Art, and then see what Character he will form. He will be prudent, religious, and moral. He will be prudent in all that regards Self-Preservation, religious in all that regards the native Admonitions of his Soul, and moral out of Compliment to his Feelings. Then why turn Man from his Centre in Quest of Variety of Faiths. Let him abide by all good that is natively inherent in him, and superadd that which has been revealed, by which Means, if we follow his Steps, we shall find him the moral and religious Man. If his Faith be void of Name, it will still bear Rank with his Maker. Let us be considered for a Moment what Mischief has the Names of Religion done. Are there any Wars half so destructive as those carried on for the Name of Religion. Hundreds, Thousands, Millions of Beings have been murdered for the Name and Bigotry of Religion. It would seem as if Religion were intended to go Hand in Hand with Time, in sacrificing the Life
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of Man. Were it possible to call each Man from his Fate, who had died in the Holy Wars, no doubt he would soon convince us to how little Purpose his Blood was drawn. We ought to blush at the Barbarity and Ignorance of Man, who cuts his neighbour's Throat for dissenting from him in the Name of Religion. Thus to pervert the Intentions of a Faith, is to fly in the Face of a Creator, who meant the sacred Tie of Devotion to cement the Hearts of Men. Perhaps two thirds of the human Race may now exist without the Knowledge of our Persuasion. It is charitable, it is reasonable, it is generous to throw the Balance of our Maker's Affection entirely into our Scale. Let us love them, pray for them, and request the like from them, when we may take for granted that the virtuous Heart will always find its Way to Heaven.

If we pursue this Plan of moral Conduct, even in religious Matters, it will determine our Standard bereft of Religion. It will form a Creature deserving of the Protection of his Creator, a main End of Faith and Hope. It will likewise compleat the most Necessary of all human Establishments, the moral Character ; and this is the most conspicuous of his Necessities, both alone and in the Bond of Society. A moral Character
must

must indispensibly be agreeable to his Creator. What more can be expected of a Creature than that it shall perfect itself as much as is allowed by Nature. This being done, surely so gracious, so wise, and so merciful a Judge, must needs be pleased with our Endeavours.

That it is within the Power of human Nature, so far to perfect itself in the Art of overcoming its Frailties, is certain; and that it is also, when properly managed, a Task less irksome than might be supposed. But that an Acquiesal in the inward Impulse of a religious Call can greatly diminish the Difficulty of the Undertaking, the Religious can vouch.

There is a Method in accomplishing the most trifling End, which if pursued, adds wonderfully to the End. So it is in Forming the moral Character under the religious Types. The Mind, from a pious Influence is opened, the Comprehension expands, and a Light is thrown upon the proper Way. In the Warmth of a Mind meditating on Good, every Avenue of natural Knowledge is laid open to it. All the Experience of its own, and of others, presents itself to it, and the Business though slowly, goes on well. But when the Rays of Religion break in upon the fervent
Heart,

Heart, then the Vapours of a less enlightened Brain dispel, and the Beams of Heaven direct the Way. Thus directed, can any Thing pervert the moral and religious Tendency. All must give Way to it that is not good. The Vapour of Morality and Religion is of so delicate a Nature, that any Thing impure reflects a different Tinge, and warns the Good to avoid it. Thus comes the moral Man, thus the Man of Religion. Sequestered in his own Endeavours, and the Suggestions of an enlightened Mind, he forms a Religion to himself which pleases Nature. He shews what may be done by Benevolence, what by Instinct, what by Meditation, what by the Intuition of a Superior Being. He may differ in the Forms, but he never can in the Essentials of his Religion. He will convince the World, that let his Religion be named what it may, it will fulfill the Character of the best of Religion, that of accomplishing Good to his Neighbour, and Pleasure to his God. Religion having formed Man as a moral Character, he will soon find how much it adds to the Happiness of the various Stages of his Life. In his Youth, when the noxious Humours of Vice collect over his Head, and fall in Torrents upon him, Religion intervenes as a Roof to afford him a Shelter. In middle Age, when another Class of more obstinate Foes assail him, he still finds
Protection

Protection within the Shield of Religion. And old Age, when the Polish of Pleasures is tarnished, then Religion, (the best Samaritan) comes with its soft Accents and consoling Lips, to supersede by the Balsam *Hope*, the frivolous Pastimes of our former Life. Is there within the Circuit of Human Endowments any except Religion, that keeps Pace and is Company for the various Degrees and Occurrences of Life? Can we prolong beyond the Time of Enjoyment any other Passion except the Fervency of Religion; all past the Moment abscond and obliterate. Hunting, Shooting, Wine, or Women, however intoxicating their Lure, scarce survive the Moment. Then where is the Fund of a constant Supply of Happiness? Surely such a Resource must be prizable in Nature. Is it within the Compass of the material World? In Truth it is not. But pass on to Religion, and there you'll find it accompanied and surrounded with the Comfort of everlasting Hope, and encompassed with Consolation of its own Kind. What must be the Pleasure of the Mariner, who having lost the vessel's Rudder in a Storm, and about to dash against the Rocks, as one yielded up by the Element, would he not prostrate before the Power that gave it, and forget all the Dangers he had felt. So it is with Religion, which in the last Tempest of this Life,

when

when the Soul is about to be launched without a Rudder into the Gulph of Despair, at once takes hold of the Helm, and guides our Vessel. Heavens what a Luxury, if such can happen! and that it is a strong Probability, the early Practice of Religion will at once convince us. What could all the past Enjoyments of our Lives claim for us in this Storm? Their Publication would not invite the slightest Observations from our Fate. The Needle, spoiled of its Attraction, would run wild like our Senses, and all would be lost except the Influence of Religion. This, and the Magnet of a just Life, would in the dangerous Hour reclaim nature's Temper, and call back the Needle of Comfort to its wonted Aid.

Seeing therefore that this supernatural Power of Religion felicitates the wide Ranges and inmost Recesses of our Actions, as the Experiment has proved in a thousand Instances, it is certainly the most enviable State of Man. For when it has stood his Friend through worldly Vicissitudes, and that it has gained him all earthly Advantage, it accompanies not only his Soul to Bliss, but it even urges its Interference to his worldly Fame. Around this it builds ornamental Gracings, and makes his Character live to Man. On Generation to Generation the Impression is fixed, and the Honour

nour of his Name is not affailably by Time. The Blandishment of Exploits perish with Time, but the glory of Virtue survives Eternity.

If thus much is in the Power of human Nature, what have we to criminate in the Order of our Being? If we have a mortal State, whose Fame may be made incorruptible? If we have another State yet more desirable, where is the Being presumptuous of more? Surely two States so capable of Perfection, ought more than to satisfy a mere Mass of Clay. If the just Man, yea moral Man, cemented by Religion, can by his own Agency effect such Purposes, what is there in Vice should make him swerve. When all the Comforts in the Dawn of Day, and all the Luxuries of Mid Day, with the soothing Solitudes of a calm Decline, are within the Will of any Man, what could a Providence have better bestowed? Are there any Inquietudes even in this World, which a good Man cannot reconcile? Does not a pure unbigotted Devotion purify the Actions of every man's Spirit, and is there any Thing worse to fear than Death, which Religion alone can render truly calm and desirable.

AND

AND ON
D E A T H.

ALL Nature shudders at its eternal Doom. It is almost Death to write on Death, such is our natural Aversion. And yet various are the Sentiments of Men. Some rather like to muse and to dwell upon a Subject of Melancholy, upon no better Account than that it is mere Melancholy. But when the Object of our Mind is truly plaintive, and that the View which we take is sincerely affecting, then perhaps we may meditate, aye on Death, with Pleasure. Therefore other Men have a Satisfaction in the Subject. Of this latter Description of Beings am I. Perhaps the sorrowful Views of my past Days, have inclined the Needle to this Pole. Perhaps it may be the artificial Magnet of the Mind, which plays upon the Surface of my Heart, Fault of its more latent Fire. Be it as it may, 'tis my Nature to be Melancholy, and in the Luxury of Sadness dwells my Soul.

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In many Points, it is truly disheartening to write upon the Subject; for we see in it so much of the Weakness of Human Nature. Less Imperfect no doubt is Man in the Skeleton, than in the Flesh. But consider even this more perfect Wreck of Man, how frail and crazy its general Appearance by Comparison, and yet how much it draws into Life the Crimes of Life.

It is impossible to see any Animal in Death but the natural Disgust which arises from the Object, necessarily induces us to ward off the Blow as long as possible. On this Account, the Revolt at Death becomes almost general. Nature begins and ends her Works by slow Degrees, but all that rise must fall. We might trace Death in Life, through an Infinity of Objects, and in all Instances but general Views, suit my scanty Plan. For it will perhaps mark the Contradiction to my Inference, which supposes every Thing must rise ere it fall. For how can the flimsy Notions of an unsettled Brain gain any Establishment in the world's Eye, or expect any Thing but premature Death. For no Death should happen without Life has been prepared for it. Where Life has scarce claimed Existence, Death becomes premature. Such will be the Fate of my poor Works; conceived in Poverty, begot in Sadness.

Sad

Sad Emblem of their *Parent*, coarse in Thought
 as Paper, poor as their Bindings, shivering in the
 Wind, their own Epitaph, drench'd in Misery,
 staining my Grave, not with Earth enough to
 cover them till Doomsday, will soon lie pityless
 my poor Works. Ah Reader! Happy may be
 the Man whose Works avoid it.

Considering the common Tendency of Life
 in every Individual, and that whatever in its Way
 exists in Nature, must by Nature die, how beau-
 tiful and yet solemn would be the Investigation of
 them all. As to Animals, they die, and die by
 Comparison miserably. 'Tis so if we take the
 Evidence of our Senses. But then it must be the
 Evidence generally taken. For are we to suppose
 that could the human Eye discern the various
 Stages of animate Things, we should not perceive
 the regular Seasons of their respective Lives.
 Should we not behold the tender Plant opening
 to the Sun at its Conception, its Birth, its Infancy.
 Should we not be sensible of advancing Life, its
 playful Times, the Times of its Maturity, and
 those of its Decay.

Could we search the dark Caverns of the mi-
 neral World, and scrutinize the first Droppings
 of their mineral Juice, should we not be equally
 surpris'd.

surprised. Would not Nature present to us her first Vision of Particles, and the Combination of Particle to Particle, and those to others. Might we not be permitted to view the Chemistry in the mixed, and to see, if I may so express it, the infusing Soul of Creation. For after a certain Process, and Progress of Generation, not only of Animals but the less susceptible Compositions, a Line must be drawn where Vitality begins. The living Principle must rise out of Matter, or Matter must be created or put in Motion by the living Principle. But it must commence a Career in Creation. First it arises from God. Then it is most probably made competent to act in Nature by itself. Thus sufficient, it begins Life, and continues to live. One Drop must feel its Influence, more must have more added. An Ocean must be fully impregnated, it must have enough to ebb and flow. It must flow scarce perceptible at first, and ebb almost below Notice. But Vitality must increase by Time, the Tides must begin to rise, and as they rise, so must they fall. In the crusted Stone there must be Youth and Age. Every little Grain must be sprinkled with the Principle of Life, 'ere it holds together. Water must be there, which thither will draw Water; Heat must be there, thither to draw Heat. Coldness must exist to temperate both. The Water
will

will endeavour to loosen, the Heat to fix; the Earth and Coldness will form the Whole into a Leaven. By various Afflux of Particles, various Combinations will ensue, and various formed Bodies will be found. But they will all partake of Life, and the Influence of an increasing Spirit. They will all be Young, they will all be Mature at whatever Distance of Time, but they will all decline in their Day. The Sun will glimmer upon them, it will shine upon them, and withdraw its Heat. Nature will command the Whole. Dates are scarce worth her Notice, so infinite is her Resource in Time. The most tempered and anvilled Metals will all be soft and hard. They will require a Chemistry of their own, they will obey the Dictates of its Powers, and must speak out when trying Pyrometer comes. The brilliant Diamond, hard as Adamant, elegant as Heaven, must first be gently inspired with the fainter Tinges of a colouring Soul, before it feels its diffusing Brilliancy. It must have a Number of the filtering Tiffany's of Nature spread through its Substance, 'ere the elegant Sparkling Soul appears; but then its Lustre must one Day fade, its Elegancies die, and all the transcendant Beams of its Beauty own the Tinge of Time. And so in animal and so in vegetable Life. The delicate Plant, with the most exquisite Colour pitted, in
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the Nursery secure from Weather, must open and shut its Leaves. It must watch the *Sun its God*, rear up its petitioning Head to sip the Dews, turn as its Sun turns, wake and sleep, live and die, die and rot. Ah, beautiful Plant! Then what of Animals, are not they exempt, full of Soul, fadden in the Principle of Life, which seems to smile Contempt at Time? Are Animals to go, and whither? How can that unknown Electricity of the Mind suffer Abatement by Death? Can that Animal who says I will move, and moves; who says I will see, and sees; who says I will live, and lives, be Mortal? That Animal who says I wont die, but dies,—Ah! can the Shock of Nature reach him? Is Man to be stricken like the Deer, and give Way to Death? He who knows no Measurement of Pleasure, no Period to his Will, no Interrupter of his Health, must he die? Impossible. So says Man, and would the Almighty had willed it, if such a Will could have been more happy. But that is the Question. Let others define it who live in Capitals. I draw my Existence in a Village, and feel incompetent, seeing no more of Mankind than as they pass in Stages.

If Death is thus certain. If every Thing existing and to exist must die. If all the Elements, if Fire and Water, Air and Earth, must pass the
short

short Stages of Life on their Road to Death, and that this is the unvariable Law of Nature. If all are Debtors, and must one Day be insolvent to Nature. If Time will stay for no Man, nor Comparison be found in Nature. If God will be God, and we but insignificant Animals, hard must be our Fate, submitting with Repugnance to Death. Oh Death! thou art a Monster from whom all would fly. That thou should haunt us by Times in the Morning, and not even allow us one moment's Rest at Night. If thou art so unmerciful as to harass our Bodies and weaken our Minds, who is to revenge this Injury upon us. Why are we unwillingly brought to be Subjects to thy cursed Laws. Is not the natural Disgust which all feel for the most insidious of all insidious Enemies, the concealed one, somehow raised upon disgustful Terms. Is there not something in thee so infinitely remote from all that is Human, that even the very Thought of thee chills the Blood of all Men. What can this be. What art thou, who art thou, frightful Death? In what do thy Terrors lie? The Appearance of Death in the material World, at first Sight, is by no Means obvious, unless to a skilful Eye. Numberless Plants apparently in Bloom, have already entered upon the Process of Decay. This may be slowly or quickly performed. Much depends

pends on the Nature of the Thing, and contingent Circumstances. For although all Things are prone to perish, yet there is in each an inherent Property of Self-Preservation. This will long oppose the Attacks of an Enemy. But persevering Time has much in its Power; Climate, Soil, Seasons, eventual Circumstances, have all a Share in the Decay of Nature. This makes the Study of those Matters so material to Man. How much it interests every one to make himself Master of his Art, I have already hinted. Not a Tradesman of any Description shall be exempt from the Losses of Ignorance. For Ignorance and Indolence are much as one. It imports little, how much Nature exerts herself to bring any Thing to Perfection for the Use of Man, if he is too ignorant or indolent to lend his Assistance. The Farmer must not expect that Nature is not only to provide Earth, Seed, Grass, Trees, Seasons, and Moisture, but that moreover she is to find Hands to till it. The Seed must be sown, the Grass manured, Trees pruned, Seasons watched, and Moisture managed, or all the rest will little avail. If the Husbandman is too slothful to take Advantage of nature's Hints; if he will not observe and make Experiments in Farming; if he beats the trodden Track of his Forefathers, and will for ever plow the Field that has
 been

been plowed ; if he neglects manuring poor Land, and perpetually drains the rich. If he will persevere in the stupid Adherence to old Doctrines, and if for Years he treats his Land in the same Manner, where is the Gain. To a Certainty one half of his Seed will be lost, his Pastures become barren, his Trees fruitless, and the Produce of his Estate next to Nothing. Yet such is the Conduct of one half of Mankind ; unwilling to depart from old Habits, they discard all her Discoveries. By a most stupid Perverseness, they abide in the Prejudices of their Fathers, and refuse what Nature offers. Perhaps this Country may be a little on the Rise for such Ignorance. One half of the Grain of the Countries, in some Parts, have entirely perished for Want of Improvement of their Neighbours. The Evidence of their Eyes, the Urgency of their Senses, have little Chance with their Obstinacy. They choose to hasten the Rot of their Grain. They have kept it in Kilns so close as to fust, and yet they permit it to fust for Years. They find some Corn which by Chance has been laid in proper Ventilation, sound and wholesome, no Matter, the Hint is too good to be taken. The Corn remains in the old Granaries, yearly injured, till the Grainary falls. A new one is built as close as the first, and every Thing notwithstanding, goes on as before. Under such

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Management can we expect that the natural Tendency to decay shall be lessened? By no Means. All the Produce of the Earth is hastened to Destruction, and Death is the premature Consequence of it.

He must be apprised that certain Articles are in best Condition at certain Seasons, upon certain Food, and in certain Places. He must learn how they are most exposed to Loss by Decay, and how to preserve them. He must not be ignorant of the Effect which Ex or Importation has upon his Articles, in Regard to Preservation. And in fine, he must be acquainted with the natural Period of their Decay in the best Circumstances, that he may not keep them until they are unfit to sell to others. By this, which seems a far-fetched Idea of Interest, he will be no inconsiderable Gainer by an Observance of Nature in these Points. And as a great Part of the Earth's Produce becomes the Subject of Traffic, therefore, exclusive of a rational Curiosity, the Business becomes weighty to every one. That Man who has most investigated the Composition of Objects, will by many Degrees exceed his Competitors. Let us only consider the Object of a Seedsman. Every Grain of whatever Kind, has its own Degree of Duration. It has a peculiar cast in Health and Disease.

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It may externally have a great Resemblance to found Seed, and yet upon Trial be found rotten. Consider even in these small Matters, how much is to be gained by observing Nature. It is impossible for a Man to bestow his Attention upon the Health of any Seed, but he must at the same Time reflect upon the Term of its Decay. In so doing he says to himself, I wish to purchase so much Grain. I have to send so many Miles to such a Market, it is not likely I should know the Time when that Seed is reaped in its own Country, that by the Term in which I shall be able to receive it, the Date of its natural Decay may become; or reversely, if I send so much Grain, of such an Age, such a Journey to Market, rather than sell it at Home, will it on its Arrival be a saleable Article. That there is some Difficulty in ascertaining the Goodness of Seeds, &c. is obvious, because the best Judges are sometimes deceived. But then where it happens once to a good Judge, it will happen twenty to a bad one. Let it happen ever so seldom, it is often enough to convince us, that on every Light a strict Enquiry into the Rise, Progress and Decay of every Thing obvious to our Senses, is not only highly rational but lucrative. This Sort of Knowledge of the Death of Things extends to all Branches of Business, as well as the Physicians and Undertakers.

takers. Every Man may be benefited by it with proper Attention. The Goodness, Strength, and Soundness of every Article must be ascertained by the Tradesman before he buys or sells with Credit. The Furrier will find it his Interest to purchase the Skins of the soundest Animals. This Experience teaches him, although he cannot see any very striking Change in the Body of the Animal. He will not purchase Animals for Speculation, inhabitant in the North, and bring them to live in the Southern Hemispheres. He will rather find his Account in buying the Skins from the Inhabitants themselves. He will enquire into the Nature of their Disorders, the Term of their natural Life, the Laws of their Health, and similar Questions, or he will be deceived in the Hopes of Profit. Let it suffice therefore, that independent of any contemplative Views of Death as a Moralist, a certain Profit must arise to those who consider it as a Tradesman. For there are many Circumstances fall out by Accident, which repay the Attention of an inquisitive Mind. Be it Iron or Lead, Wood or Stone, Clay or Diamonds, the Particularities of each must be studied before any Certainty can be obtained in their Traffic. To be useful therefore into an Enquiry into Death, its diffused Views should be taken. Many Incidents may happen in such a Search worthy of the

the Labour, and at the same Time it serves to take from the bland Character of Death in general, from whence nothing but Torpidity arises. If there are certain Circumstances attendant upon the Death of Nature, and that in the material World, Man may turn the Account in his Favour. If the Earth and all its Produce must yield to Time. If the Rocks in their Kind, possess an equal Share of living Principle with ourselves. If they are perhaps as much a Part of the general Fabric as ourselves. If after they have arrived at the greatest Degree of Petrefaction, they begin to open and murl away. If Iron and all the Metals go; if even Gold must perish, and the Canopy of Heaven fall, what is it that should prevent *Man*? If he has it in his Power, let him avail himself by even a slight Knowledge of the Failure of Nature, and by so doing, to benefit Creation. Why not 'ere Death comes, study to open the Secrets of Nature. Why not take Advantage of the Wreck of Matter, and let it somehow in its Destruction turn to Good. Why not since we are to die, make Life amusing. How many thousand Speculations are to be found in the Demolition of Matter. Nature has some good End in exposing her Departure to us, or the Death of many Matters would have been kept Secret. Do not let us be idle Spectators of the
 Agony

Agony of Nature, and learn nothing by her Sufferings. Not a Leaf is blown off the Tree that has not some delineating Feature open to Information. It is an Information innocent and commendable, and yet we suffer Numbers of Objects to die unheeded. Every Hour of its Life might have been a Lesson to us, and every Moment of its drooping an Example. With such Notions let us contemplate the Loss of them and our State as an Animal, and we must feel the Shock of a sensible Nature. For most assuredly there is not any Thing in Nature half so ghastly in its Death as Man. By how much the more loathsome his End, by so much more contemptible in Nature. Although the hardest Substances die, and those also of a softer Nature, yet there is scarce any Comparison betwixt the Appearance of these and Man. In the crumbling of a Stone when decayed, there is not any Thing absolutely offensive, for this is by Nature of most inert and insensible Matter. In the Rust of Metals, their Beauty is gone 'tis true, but yet their Remains are passable. In Woods and Vegetables their Decay is not nauseous, though in some Measure acceding to it. But the Vegetables and Woods are composed of Fibres, which begin to border upon the human Muscle. Therefore in as much as there is a Degree of vibrating Quality and branching
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of Vessels in their Fibres, their Loss in Nature after Death is more sensible and rebuking to the Purity of Health. They taint the Air, and border upon the Prutiscency of Flesh. The more animalized and refined the Plant, probably the more nauseous its Decay. For beyond Doubt when Nature began upon the Formation of Vegetables, she had already traced in her Eye the Composition of Man. And whether she began her Work with Man, and dwindled into Vegetables, or she sketched Vegetables and compleated her Business in Man, is very immaterial. A Scheme was commenced, and grew up by Degrees. Sensibility and Life, scarce perceptible in the Atom, moved and thought in the Man, and as his Machine was more complex, his Remains were more offensive.

Perhaps this accounts for the Perverseness of his Nature, and the Scurvy of his Humours. Whilst these remain in their Vessels Nature is kindly; but from the Moment they extravasate upon the Mind, he is the most churlish of Animals. As his Fluids are so prone to the putrifying State, he is more subject to the Suddenness of Extinction in Death. Whilst the material World wastes with leisure, Man is frequently
soon

soon swept off. His Diseases, insolent in their Attack, perfidious in their Retreat, and certain in their Event, generally destroy him, whilst the material World with but indifferent Care, retreats to the Grave with tranquil Calmness. Free from Passions, free from Care, Vices, Intemperance, Conscience, they walk down the Hill of Life with steady Moderation. Man, hurried by Venality, doubles his Speed each step he takes, leaving Materialism behind him, to contemplate his Folly. When Matter has scarce begun its Journey, Man is at the Bottom of the Hill, destroyed by the Impetuosity of his Flight. Even Animals, of whom Man is the Master, teach him a Lesson he dares not follow. Compare the Life of a Horse and of *Man, both alike furnished with Blood. Each having a thinking Principle. The one with Nerves of the finer Order, practising cruelly upon the Nerves of the other. Each feel but one wants Fellow-feeling. Harassed from his Mother's Care, dragged forth with all the Ignorance of a Savage, bridled before the Mouth can well contain it, saddled 'ere the Bones are knit, mounted and driven, bleeding and hungered, bound to the Bit (till Nature weeps through the animal's Eye,) tagg'd to a Cart, unmercifully loaded, without Meat, without Water, tormented at an Ale-house, fit to expire, is the State of a Horse by Man.

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revolting State of Torpidity, of which even the Sight benumbs us, of all others is the most rebuking. For notwithstanding in Death we cannot feel, yet even that insensible State is by Nature horrid. That a human Mind once enlightened, should in the Twinkling of an Eye be utter Obscurity, even though insensible, becomes to the living Mind a most bitter Reflection. By this Means levelled with the Dirt, in as dirty a Mansion, the Food of the most despicable Insects, too offensive for the Nose, too frightful for the Eye, too execrable for the Mind, deprived of Day, and though Dead gives inexpressible Disgust to our Nature. The Pangs of dying, though terrible, are milder by far than that one State of Compunction, a State of Death. Whilst the dying Features look wistfully and wearily upon the Attendants, and that even Conscience, if such attends, with all its frightful Sketches of Misery, blacken the Scene beyond Description, yet all this we could survive; but the disgusting, revolting Issue on Death, breaks up the Comparison, and is too shocking to contemplate. Even the mere State of Inactivity, the common Cessation from human Action, would to Man be of the severest Punishment. But what is that which exceeding by Millions of Degrees the Terrors of dying, at once inflict the most contemptible Dis-
 grace

grace upon our Persons. That Man should be suffered to mascerate for Years in a poisonous Atmosphere, surrounded and enjoyed by all that is contemptible, offensive beyond the Powers of Nature to bear, no Chance of being purified, disowned by any Thing but the Filth of the Earth. In Part consumed, the Food of Millions, perpetrating Vengeance upon the Body. No Redress apparent, doomed to the blackest Night, in the most black Hemisphere of Eternity, neglected, despised, unknown, unremembered, buried with the Soil, and infamously putrified, is tremendous, but so is Man in Death.

When we consider the torpid Horrors of Death. When we subject a dead Body to the Impressions and Insults of a living Imagination. When we see that Body, once beautified with all the florid Streams of the most florid Blood. When we waste the sweet Lustre of the lively Eye, and cold, cast down, and dim the glassy Globe appears, what can be more rebuking? Of this Man must judge by sad Comparifon. Of what Use is what we were? Passing and having passed through a miserable World, so miserable, that a great Part of Animals flee from us, nay even Numbers of us trying to flee from ourselves. Labouring in the Vineyard where little is to be got. Partakers not
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only of our own Troubles, but of those of our Family and Neighbours. Born down on the one Hand by Calumny of the World, by Villainy, by Misfortunes of our Lives. On the other Hand, Dupes to ten thousand bodily Ailments, and again to the more near and piercing Pangs of a disgusted Mind, encompassed with numerous calls from ourselves or Children. Working our Way through Thorns and Briars, attempting in vain to please our Neighbours, hoping for Ease on the Decline of Life, yield on enjoying it. Youth sacrificed to the Occupations of our Calling. The Enjoyments of Life neutralized, disappointed in Expectancies, groaning under Misfortunes is the Life of us.. Is there scarce a Man in a thousand, whose Life has been any tolerable Requital for one half of his Misfortunes? Can the rich Man see himself without repining for more solid Enjoyment. Can the poor Man cast up the Account of his Days, and number one fifth Part of them free from Misery. As far as my little Experience goes, Happiness is faintly expressed in the Tract of human Life. Much to hope,—little to expect,—less to experience. The mere Performance of two Acts,—Living and Dying,—makes up our Time, But some Consolation would be derived could we say Living was more than the Enjoyment of a mere unhappy Act of existing, whilst
Dying

Dying represents all the Calamities practicable upon the *irritable* Body of *irritable* Man. Were the Torture of our Body alone in Question, the Streightness of our Frame might in some Measure relieve, but there is a Mind to superadd. All that is exquisite in the Refinement of Torture, all that the sensible Nerves can feel, all that the reaction of the Body can invent, at once attacks us, and we must feel the Whole. Eternal Darknefs, and Imprisonment of Body in the solitary Cell our Coffin, the Uncertainty of living again, or the Date of that Reviviscience. The Loss of all this World affords, which we have seen to shine with Splendour on others. The eternal Darknefs of the Mind, lost to Contemplation, and all the fancied Pleasures of that Mind, are certainly Wounds of the deepest Sort. And yet all this, and infinitely more, we suffer in the Mind on contemplating Death. If Death were not more frightful in its undress beyond the Grave, we might put up with the Infringements upon our worldly Senses. But who knows what we are to suffer in the loathsome Grave! How many Spirits of the Dark, hideous as the Hyæna, may attack our dead Retreat, and poison even the Stupidity of our Grave. In how many Garbs of Woe, how many cursed Forms of Fancy, may the Shape of our Actions appear. What Mind can delineate the infernal

Ingenuity

Ingenuity of Torture with which our Crimes may inflict our Bodies, to Appearance Dead and insensible of Pain. Can the Mind paint one slight Sketch of the Multiplicity of Torments which infest the Bad? Will not all the Outrages and wild Distortions of the Brain fall far short of those Sensations which are to expiate Crimes?—not perhaps Sensations of a bodily Nature, for they are to be palliated by Man, but Sensations of a keener Nature. For the Mind of Man may perhaps inhabit his Remains, for wise Purposes, longer than we suppose. If so be, woe to the guilty Mind. As the Body through Life is constantly in the Act of being destroyed by its own Vices, should it so happen that Creation perpetuates this Plan, and suffers the Action of these Vices to continue after Death: If these were to be permitted to exercise their poisonous Influence upon the Body which generated them, what would become of poor Man? And yet so great are his Vices, so wilfull and atrocious the Nature of his Sins, that 'twere not to be wondered if Expiation required such Means as those inferred. Were this the Case, what and how mutilated would be the Plight of some Bodies, if each Part paid the Forfeit of its Sins. The mortal View of Death is tremendous, and of such a Nature, as almost to instigate us, as it were, by Fascination,

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to commit it. It is certainly the human and lamentable Lot of all that are gone before us; and it is the inevitable Doom of all that shall come after us. We are all to undergo the same inexpressible Anxiety in Death, unless a special Messenger arrives which calls us instant forth.

This would be a most miserable Prospect of Affairs were the Scene here to terminate. But may not a further Survey of the Coast somewhat change the Nature of the Scene. There may be a Climate beyond the present Boundaries of our Sight, which perhaps may vary the Temperature in our Favour. It might be supposed with some suitable Degree of Justice, that as Death cannot be avoided not even by most innocent Animals, however exemplary their Innocence, that there exists a palliative in Nature for this arbitrary Law in Death. For all Things die not of their own Accord, but by an eternal Mandate. Innocence is no Protection from the Grave: When the Earthquake comes the Fabrics must fall. And except the Stars form a Part of the eternal Scenery of Heaven, there is not any Power of Attraction will withhold them falling. Even the Throne of the Almighty, unless it be made of something more durable than Gold, by his own Decrees must perish. And Gold comes nearest
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man's Ideas of eternal Duration. Therefore 'tis clear, however brilliant God's Throne appears, he has yet more lasting Materials for its Structure than Gold, or it must have submitted to a similar Fate. Can we conceive a Throne more elegant than of Diamonds, can we frame a Throne more durable than of Gold. By Comparison we observe a certain Variation, as well on the Mechanism as the Mind of Man. We also observe a very great Disproportion in the Faculties of Men and Animals. At least their Intellects are employed in different Ways. Instinct what is called in these, and Reason in the Former, has pencilled out different Lines for their Actions. I will not say that Men are either more discreet or able in the Management of their Habits than Animals. I am aware how much this may rebuke the Pride of proud Mind, but it may be as well to make a more equal Division of the Blessings allotted to each. Generally speaking, Animals are more steady, and more moderate in their Conduct than Man. Not less versed by Instinct in what suits or suits them not, than Man. It is immaterial whether Instinct or Skill guides the Rudder. If the Ship steers right for the intended Port. If she alters her Steerage as Occasion wisely requires, if she gains the Port safe and secure, where is the Difference 'twixt Skill or Instinct. Man possesses Skill,

Skill, Animals enjoy Instinct. This more seldom errs in the one than that in the other. Where the Failure happens in Animals, 'tis generally accidental, where in Man 'tis wilfull. On whom must blame descend. For surely the Bird emigrates with as much Skill as Man navigates. Man will sometimes through Obstinacy run foul of the Rock, but the Bird, if it sees one, may use it, but will never abuse it.

If however all Things seem in Kind to be blessed. If they have many Enjoyments in common, and others in particular, should Objects be found of more lasting Stuff than serve their Existence, of what use can these be when the whole Kingdom of Beings is destroyed. Is not there a Power of conceiving either a re-production of Beings and Matter, or an unknown Use in future. Does Futurity (if we might so express it) cease, when Matter and Forms are past. Is the Scenery entirely lost when the Play is over. May we not perchance suppose an After-piece to crown the Whole. Will not the evaporating Spirit form Æther. Does the Fire absolutely destroy, may it not only purify the Metal. Is there no Phosphorus arising from our Embers, do we really die in Death. Perchance Questions may hence arise, perchance consoling. Every body has some-

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thing to say against Death; few take up the Cudgels in its Favour. As it is impossible to avert the Calamity, ought it not to be some Inducement for us to consider it. May we not, think you, somehow in studying its Skeleton, learn to reconcile the disfiguring of the Person. For notwithstanding the Hideoutness of dying, and the moral Inaptitude of the Mind, yet however general the Disgust, Circumstances take off its Horrors. Mankind pay less Attention in the Groupe at the Terrors of Death, than might be imagined. A Something, ordained by Somebody intervenes, which softens the Act, and a kind Hand is always present to put the Mask before the Countenance of Death. If we beheld under its bloody Veil all the Pangs and Unmoorings of our Features, God knows, it would be terrible. But the Fear of dying is seldom mentioned by the Sufferer. There is a Something conciliating unvariably attached to our Nature. Whether it be accidental or ordained by Providence to lessen the Sorrows of our latest Hours, I know not, but the Soul at the Time, swathed in Apathy, calmly resigns the Body to Death. Even where the Passions of the Mind over-hurry us, and that we die of the *broken Heart*, (of all Deaths the most miserable) Insensibility succeeds the Chasm, and Nature quietly pays the Forfeit. And as there is
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the greatest Difference in Idea concerning Death, some even anticipate and partake of a something pleasant in Death. 'Tis not perhaps the wisest Man, or he that reasons best on it, that submits most peacefully to it in Death. The Change in Death by Comparison, however well the Tenor of Life, may have some positive and other negative States of Ease. The bare Quietude in Death has some Charms. Those who have been most driven on the Billows of a turbulent Life will most sensibly suppose it. A thousand Vicissitudes in the Atmosphere of Life, serve to fatigue a Mind overburdened with them. It teaches it to make a just Comparison, and from it to draw such Inferences as tend to make the Approach to the State almost desirable. Absence from the Sorrows of a sorrowful World, constitute the blank Character of Death: But then it is a Character free from Trouble or Remorse. That it is a State occasionally envied is clear, from the repeated Implications of the Living—Would I were dead! Oh! could I quit the Inquietudes of this Life! is often heard. Some carry their Solitude so far as to commit Manslaughter, and in so doing, to anticipate the Uncertainties of a doubtful State. It might be expected that something estimable should be the Reward for which we put our Life in Pledge. To change the fine
Sensations

Sensations of Life for the humiliating Condition of Death. At once to close the splendid scenes of Life in the gloomy Labyrinth of Death. To give up all the lively Passions of a susceptible State to the motionless Torpor of the Grave. To lose all the Command of our regulated Actions. The solacing Comforts upon reflecting upon these Actions. To huddle up all our animal Propensities, and stifle them in Earth. To lose the Advantage and Elasticity of our bodily Actions, and the Agreement of our Faculties. To suffer a total Extinction of all our Passions. To intercept all moral Investigations, and the pleasant Return of moral Actions upon the Mind. To seclude the sweet Vibrations of our different Senses. To break in upon the Sympathy of Souls; and finally, to die to ourselves and others, must make the Pledge of Life a very severe one. And yet many lay down this Pledge, whilst others most sincerely deserve it. Therefore some further Interests must sway Mankind, if such is a common Propensity. Quitting the Negative Peace in Death, there must be a more active State of Enjoyment beyond the Grave, to which the human Heart feels such a Tendency. We find many court Death, who might even highly possess the Enjoyments of Life, and yet some of these have readily resigned the human Sceptre of Ambition and all its Charms,

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for Hope of Futurity. Upon what the Fervor of this Mind depends, and how its Hopes are supported, perhaps they only know. Whole Tribes of People, (as well Heathens as Christians) have learnt not only coolly to meet, but even feel a Luxury in Death. The strange Enthusiasm of the Martyrs, and the Heroism of Negroes, are living and dying Examples of the Ascendency of Hope.

Is there not some Spark of Divinity at which this lambient Torch has been lighted? Are all the strange Longings, and immediate Expectancies of the Just to feel Disappointment. Surely as all, more or less, experience the Influence of a hoping Heart, is the general Expectation to be groundless? There are, beyond Doubt, great Resources of Comfort in Regard to the next World, within the good Man's Heart. For independant of what the Good expect, or at least what they are fully persuaded they are to expect, the very Blessings of such Expectations exceed Belief. And there is not any Thing more certain than that the Misery attendant upon the close of a bad spent Life, and by consequence how much moral Education as it tends to purify the Heart, serves us in Life and Death. Reason induceth us to believe that the Almighty would not
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have formed us in most Respects more perfect in this World, if he meant entirely to put us upon a Par with Brutes in the next, and Death being a Termination of Troubles devoutly to be wished by two-thirds of Mankind, without the Interference of Hope, an Enjoyment of Futurity would have been the most melancholy Crisis to Humanity.

We have all the internal Sense of a future State, which is the guardian Angel so spoken of in the Romish church. A Monitor of any Description inclining to good, must be beneficial to Man. This fore-knowledge and prescient Intimation of something hereafter, must speak home to the human Heart. 'Tis a strong Presage of the Truth of the Supposition. A virtuous Life, and the Practice of an honourable Principle, always terminates in a Reconciliation with Death. And on examining the Picture of Virtue, every Line is a master Stroke of Nature. Therefore an honest Man does not intrinsically feel one half the Unhappiness under any Difficulty of an opposite Character. And in Death the Difference is striking. Not oppressed by the Visitation of a Conscience, he then feels the Opiate of a good spent Life. All his better Actions now gather together, and in one full Stream they pour upon the Almighty. Every Thing on the Canvas of
Hope

Hope appears of a distinguishing stile almost claim-
 ing in Lieu of Petitioning, Preferment. The good
 Man cannot be miserable in Death. Even this
 lukewarm View of the Termination of Life has
 a certain Effect. But the more we follow up the
 Impression, the stronger it will appear, and then a
 certain Fervor necessarily issues from the Reflec-
 tion. Many Circumstances favor the Probability
 of a Change in Death. And yet the Quietude
 in Death becomes merely corporeal. In as much
 as a Cessation from Pain has its Enjoyment to
 the Body, and the Termination of Obloquy is
 desirable, so far we are corporeally blessed. But
 this is not all. In Death a new Life arises, and
 the Certainty of a future State, by human Per-
 ception doubtful, now throws off the Veil, and
Humanity dead Life begins. Independent of these
 Points of Faith which Christianity requires of us
 to believe, there are many Reasons to be drawn
 from the Existence of Creation, that a future
 State is allotted us. Does not, amongst others,
 the Dignity of our Station, and the Care God
 has of us, inspire us with a Certainty of future
 Greatness. All will one Day be happy, when
 their Time comes, but this includes the Cere-
 mony of our eternal Purification. For it by no
 Means appears irrational, and far from bigotted,
 that we should suppose Man having Alloy, must
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be purified. But it comes forth much against Reason, and more against Religion, that Man once fallen can never be reclaimed. Through whatever Stages of Purification he may pass, surely it is both more Humane and more Godly to suppose that the Worst may be purified, and rendered fit for Salvation. And woe be to the Man who is so blasphemous as to think otherwise. Can we suppose (pardon the Digression) that an ever Just and Almighty Judge, could form and balance the Creation of that Being in his Power, whose finite Crimes doomed him to Infinity of Punishment. 'Twere impossible to suppose it. Let all who are to die, endeavour to live well; but let not any dying despair. For as there is an undoubted Certainty of Punishment for the Bad, so is there undoubted Hopes of its Termination. If there were no purifying Medium betwixt small Crimes and larger ones, but that he who died sinning must be debarred Heaven; sure Heaven was not designed for Man. And if the State of a very small Offence doomed Man to the same curst Colony with him who was a horrid Malefactor, would this appear just even in this World? By no Means. Let each Man expect after Death to suffer in Proportion to his Crimes, and that fully; but let not any Man suppose that a merciful God will carry Revenge to an Eternity of
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of punishments. I say impossible. In as much as we have to fear, so after Death have we to hope. Absent from the Afflictions of this afflicted Vale. That Freedom from mental Perturbations which we never knew, after Death 'tis Time to taste. Linger as may have been the Hours of our Sins, so will be those of our Purgations. But then what little Solace arises from good Actions, this will be experienced. The State we then enjoy, lasts for ever; we are free from every Care. The Contrast betwixt Life and Death opens. The united Sympathy of Nerves, strung to their most enchanting Pitch, redouble their Chords to Eternity. Not a Feature of the Body that is not ornamented beyond Conception, enters Heaven. All that was gross in Flesh, now purifies. The Breath of Myriads of the chastest Creatures, and all the Verdure of Evergreens delight the Eye. Whatever the most perfect Luxury of Harmony can invent, or the Thrill of Nerves communicate, will be spent upon the exquisite Platform of the Ear. Sensations analized to an Infinity of Atoms, each supremely enjoying, will be gratified to the highest. Every Power of Refraction of the most elegant Colouring, will be reflected to the Eye. And this Organ will receive the supernatural Impression of millions of the purest Diamonds, which will eternally

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sparkle

sparkle round the Almighty. If the human Eye can convey such sublime Ideas of Beauty, from the simple Colouring of human Objects, what is that Eye to enjoy which is permitted to partake of the Brilliancy of eternal Sights. Decked in all the amazing Variety, mingled with cælestial Taste, in fifty thousand prismatic Contrasts of Colouring in Heaven. The general Display of ætherial Shades which must all unite in the Almighty Throne, more living than the chemic Fire, at once will strike the Eye. Risen from the Dead. Burnished beyond the Power of Fancy, the light Souls of the Angels bursting from the brown and scarlet dye of their Frailties, exulting shine in eternal Purity. Sensible of the ever certainty of their State, and of the Equalization of their Beings. Sensible of the Soul, its elasticity and independance. Secure from Harm in the most fertile Vale of Happiness. Enjoying at once the tenfold Solace of their good Actions, and though mere Insects of the eternal Realm, yet happy in that winged State. Each enjoying its particular Situation, at once admiring and admired by its Creator, companions of our earthly Kinsmen in the Bosom of our Parents, all our earthly Desires fulfilled, in Heaven with our Children, seated upon a Canopy of Bliss, free from Storms, in the Mansions of an everlasting Paradise.

Paradise. Above Humanity, above Nature, lighted by never-failing Light, warm by supernatural Fire, in the Extasy of extatic Delight is our Soul releas'd by Death. Far might Man search a Climate, wherein the Contrast of the different Stages of his Existence were to be found, 'ere he would meet with one half so satisfactory as Death. That immediate Change like the Insect, from a State of Impotence to the most powerful Agency, is only to be found in our Migration to Eternity. Long as may the Time appear to suffering Man, from his starting in Life to his Decline, that Period from the first Moment of Death is no more. It might have existed, but the Soul measures no Time. The Body is committed to it. It must be only after a proper Death that we can possibly find the Completion of our Hopes. On this side Eternity, in our sloughy vermin State of Manhood, all our Hopes terminate in Nothing. But having cast off our old Covering after Death, we all arise cloathed alike, but then we must, though cloathed as the same to appear at the Bar, submit after to such Garments as our Endeavours have obtained for us. And upon this momentuous Occasion, the Enjoyment of our good Deeds will be chearfully allowed us, whilst all the Mischief of our Lives must stand Counsel against us. We shall then for the first Time,

Time, be made acquainted with the Certainty of a future State. We shall bid adieu to the Necessity of any further Hope. We shall see the End for which we were created, and shall be sensible of the Folly of fixing all our Affections upon vain and sublunary Things. The Certainty of a Reward, the Certainty of Punishment, will, beyond Contradiction appear to us. We shall shed our last Tear upon the despicable Turns of Fortune. We shall lament with a final Sigh all the Miseries of Humanity. We shall wonder at the Weakness of Man, who, alienated from Truth, was ever wallowing in Error. The Mysteries of Creation will be revealed to us. The curious Mechanism of the Earth, the watch work of the Planets, the Principles of Generation, the vegetating Faculty, the Circulation of the Elements, and those great internal Movements of the World will appear. To what State of Enthusiasm would the Mind of Man attain in this earthly State, could he be allowed to examine those Matters. Would not Life, under such Circumstances, though mortal, be a perpetual Feast to him. Beginning his Researches on the Surface of the Globe, investigating every Thing, and so proceeding to the Works above, would be a noble Study. Alas! the mere Anticipation of this Happiness, gives a Stroke to the Heart of the most ambitious

ambitious and painful Nature. Man would soon forget himself. From anticipating to partake would be so enviable a Step, Humanity would lose its Balance. The fallen Angel would again rebel, and who knows how near Eternity his Punishment might reach. I blush at the Thought, so dear it is to Man, that in continuing it we might at once meditate the Word and the Blow.

Rather let us return with Humility to our Subject, and consider if there are not other more favourable Views of rising. All that die well are promised Happiness, and of that Kind which is never to consume or abate. God has promised, in the most simple, but convincing Language, that Life is to come by Death ; and that he who aspires to it, must seek it through Thorns and Briars, and that if we take up Arms against the levelling Spirit of Wickedness, and resist with Firmness, the Day shall be ours. Not a Day of twelve Hours, but a Day without End. If when Nature has once snapped the Fetters of Humanity, and that Death is bereaved of its Power, by a good spent Life, we shall enter this Way a future State, we shall not lie dispairing beneath a tomb Stone, but by Force of good Actions burst our Confines, and awake in Day. Oh ! happy Day ! When all the Contumely of this
World

World vanishes like Vapour. When all the diseased Humours of the Flesh are mildened in the Grave, and our Tomb-Stone serves to filter the impure Particles of our Clay. When rising, we open ten thousand Eyes, bright as the brightest Refractions of Light. When all sublunar Nature shrinks from our View, and the friction Wheels of Eternity open. When the Soul abominates the Clay which surrounded it, and has no other Sensation but Independance. When the Evidence of a Supreme Being is conspicuous, and thousands of Things welcome us from the Grave. When all the Structure of Heaven become heavenly to us, and the Promises of a REDEEMER are fulfilled, who will not rejoice at his Death? Why should we ever repine at it, since it not only cannot be avoided, but it is the only Inlet to the first of Mansions. Until Life ceased, what could we make of the future State? Something will remain cleaving to our Nature, inclining us ever to doubt of Futurity; and as Nothing is so convincing to us as an absolute View of the Objects we investigate, towards attaining the Knowledge of it, therefore in divine as well as human Matters, God leads us to the Fountain Head. But then so pure is the Fountain of Heaven, which we possess by Death, that we cannot form Ideas of Comparison. The Majesty of this World
sinks

sinks in Death. The Majesty of Eternity begins in it, and our Happiness will be increased by that of others. So that considering the multiplied Portion our Creator has promised, common Numbers will, in the common Manner, make the Estimate of our Felicity. The Language of Religion has been very pointed and very warm in its Offers to the Good; whilst all the Terrors of Creation have been called forth to punish Crimes. So great is the Tribute which Man must pay in making over by his Crimes the Tythe of his future Enjoyments, that the most urgent Protestations have been used against such Folly. How much a Little, given with a good Heart, either to God or our Neighbour, administers to our Comfort, Death will acquaint us. How kindly the written Law has requested it of us, we are often told. At all Events, the Study of our Lives properly confined to the Subject, would daily convince us that towards a happy Death, little is required at our Hands. The Admonitions of our Conscience, the Suggestions of Religion, the Authority of a Creator, and the Proof of a Creation all should teach us the Truth of Futurity. The Certainty of Reward, announced by all that is at once terrible or captivating in Nature, is offered us. The Possession of a Being after Death, who promises to put us on a Footing with himself.

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The Offers of a God, who certainly made, and as certainly can mar us. The Beauty of the Prospect of the eternal Heaven, and of his Heavenly Countenance. The Comforts of finding all these Offers realized, and of the Happiness of the future State. The Considerations and Comparisons of our present Footing. Every Luxury which an Almighty Hand has invented, we are to enjoy. Yes, we are to enjoy it after Death. Before that awful Moment, we must hang suspended betwixt Earth and Heaven in all the contumely of a decaying Frame. If he who in this Life cheers us with the Sun, and even takes off the Melancholy of Night by a Moon. If he who rides in the Storm with us, and waters us when tender Plants with the Dew of Heaven. If he who can in the Moment exercise Thought in us, or throw the Palsy upon our Limbs, can renew Life and Exertions in us for ever, what is there in Life, or what in Death, that we should covet or fear. There is no Passage to the Cape of eternal Hope but through the Straights of Death. If we undertake the Voyage as becomes Virtue, if we are confident in the Vessel of the Almighty, and can sit chearfully at the Helm when he chuses us to sink, yet will he think of our Remains, and float them to Heaven. If such is the Event of Death, if such the Fruition of Heaven, if Man
may

may to a Certainty claim through Death the Luxury of the Almighty's Throne, if this is to be the Consequence of a few well-spent Years, supplanted by Eternity, why repine at Death? Why not, when God calls, with Pleasure commit ourselves to that tremendous Cataract which the Almighty has promised shall burst open the Gates of Heaven for us. Is not Death to a religious Man the nearest Approach he ever made to Heaven, and is not Heaven what we mean by Bliss, which once partook can never end, or can we obtain it but by Death? Then why I say again, repine as it advances? Is it not the last luxurious Step of Mortality, and the first of Everlasting Life.

THE END.



